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BULETIN NG
KAPISANANG PANGKASAYSAYAN NG PILIPINAS

(Bulletin of the Philippine Historical Association)

Editors

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Ambeth Ocampo

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Number 4 JUNE 1958

THE VOYAGE OF SAAVEDRA TO THE PHILIPPINES, 1527-1529

by

H. DE LA COSTA S. J.

The Spanish voyages to the Philippines between those of Magellan and Legazpi are admittedly of minor importance from the point of view of permanent settlement; but the surviving accounts of those who took part in them are full of human interest and no little information regarding the state of our country before the colonial period. I tried to bring this out in a previous article on the Loaisa expedition.[1] The present article treats of the next expedition to reach the Philippines, that dispatched from Mexico by the *conquistador* Hernán Cortés.

It will be recalled that Loaisa's ships had no sooner emerged from the treacherous Straits of Magellan into the Pacific than they were struck by a hurricane (June 1526) which separated the pinnace *Santiago* from the rest of the expedition.[2] When, after the hurricane had spent its force, the captain and crew of this vessel took stock of their situation, they did not find it reassuring. They were fifty men in a small boat; they had completely lost touch with their companions; the bulk of their provisions were on the flagship; all they had with them were four hundredweight of powdered biscuit and eight casks of water; if they attempted to cross the Pacific their next landfall would be the Ladrones, 2200 leagues away.[3]

Fr. H. de la Costa S.J., distinguished Filipino historian, is chairman of the department of history of Ateneo de Manila.

[1] "Loaisa's Voyage to the Philippines," *Philippine Social Sciences and Humanities Review* XVII (March 1952), 81-90.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 85.

[3] "Relación que dió Juan de Areizaga de la navegación de la armada de Loaisa," undated, in Martín Fernández de Navarrete, ed., *Colección de los viages que hicieron por mar los españoles* (5 v., Madrid 1837; reprinted Buenos Aires 1946), V, 205. References are to the Buenos Aires reprint.

They did indeed have a hen, a live hen, their pride and joy and the envy of the rest of the expedition; a truly remarkable hen which laid one egg a day as regularly as clockwork all during the voyage, "except in the Strait, by reason of the exceeding cold."[4] But what is one egg a day among so many? It was therefore decided to climb as quickly as possible from those freezing latitudes and try to reach New Spain, which they reckoned to be only 800 to 1,000 leagues away.

From 11 July they kept sighting bits of the mainland of South America, many of them inhabited and even populous, but could find no proper anchorage. Moreover, they had no boat in which to send a landing party. Finally on the 25th they found a haven where they could cast anchor in clean sand at 15 fathoms. Their supplies had by this time given out completely: it was imperative to send someone ashore for help.

The ship's chaplain, Father Juan de Areizaga, volunteered to do so. They lowered him over the side in a large chest which they hoped would float in with the surf. They were thoughtful enough to attach the chest to the ship with cables so that in case it should capsize its solitary passenger could be pulled back again to safety. They also took care to provide Father Juan with scissors, mirrors and other articles of trade, "so that the savages might not eat him." With this rather dismal prospect ahead of him, he shoved off.

Half-way to the beach the chest foundered, but Father Juan instead of grabbing the cables, decided that he might as well swim the rest of the way. He misjudged his distance and was pulled ashore half-drowned by some Indians who happened to be passing by. Luckily they did not consider him edible. On the contrary, they treated him to a magnificent meal, rescued his companions with a raft, and brought them to the Spanish governor of Tenhauntepec. By great fortune they had landed well within the limits of Spanish territory.[5]

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[4] Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo, *Historia general y natural de las Indias* (4 v., Madrid 1851-1855), II, 50-51. Captain Hoces of the *San Lesmes* was moved to offer a 50-ducat bank draft on Flanders for the bird and its attendant cock. This would have been worth, according to Oviedo's computation, more than 1,000 ducats by the time they got to the Moluccas; a sizable sum. Captain Guevara, her owner, was not interested.

[5] *Ibid.*, II, 51-52.

Father Areizaga hurried to Mexico City to report to Cortés. Almost at the same time the conquistador received dispatches from the Emperor Charles V ordering him to send out an expedition in order to find out what had happened to Loaisa. This fitted in perfectly with Cortés' own plans, which was to make his newly conquered empire the *entrepôt* of Oriental trade.[6]

Accordingly, he lost no time in completing the vessels which were already under construction at Zacátula and appointing as captain-general of the projected expedition a cousin of his, Alvaro de Saavedra Cerón.[7] This blood relationship was not all that recommended Saavedra to the command of the expedition. He seems to have been a man of daring and enterprise. He gave abundant proof of this later on, when against the advice of the Spanish officers in the Moluccas he stubbornly insisted on trying to discover the return route to New Spain, and died in the attempt. Galvão says of him that "if he had lived, (he) meant to have opened the land of Castilla de Oro and New Spaine from sea to sea... which if it were done, then they might saile from the Canaries unto the Malucos under the climate of the zodiake, in lesse time and with much lesse danger, than to saile about the Cape de Bona Sperança, or by the streight of Magellan, or by the Northwest (Passage)."[8] This would make Saavedra one of the earliest if not actually the first to conceive the idea of the Panama Canal.

There were 115 men in the three ships (two *naos,* the *Florida* and the *Santiago,* and a brig, the *Espíritu Santo)* which set sail westward from the port of Zihuatanejo on 31 October 1527. Saavedra's orders were to discover the route from New Spain to the Moluccas and the route back; to recover Magellan's ship *Trinidad;* to ransom or rescue the Spaniards who had been abandoned at Cebu by Magellan's expedition; and to find and reinforce Loaisa.

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[6] See F. A. Kirkpatrick, *The Spanish Conquistadores* (London: Black, 1934), pp. 133-134.

[7] Antonio de Herrera, Historia *general de los hechos de los castellanos en las islas y tierra firme del Mar Oceano* (8 "decades" in 4 v., Madrid 1601-1606), dec. 4, lib. 1, cap. 6.

[8] Antonio Galvano (Galvão), *The Discoveries of the World,* Richard Hakluyt, tr. (1601), edited with the Portuguese text by C. R. D. Bethune (London: Hakluyt Society, 1862), p. 74.

The detailed instructions which Cortés gave Saavedra regarding his mode of procedure at Cebu afford an interesting insight into the conquistador's methods. Saavedra was to offer ransom for Juan Serrao and the others whom the king of Cebu had taken prisoner; if ransom was refused he was to try and rescue them, without however endangering himself or the expedition; if this was impossible he was to get as much information as possible out of them regarding the military strength of the country and particularly whether the terrain permitted the use of cavalry.[9] All this he was to do after delivering a florid letter composed by Cortés himself "to the honorable and excellent king of the island of Cebu," in which he roundly castigates Magellan "for having stirred up wars and discords amongst you and your subjects," In this Magellan exceeded his commission, said Cortés, for His Majesty the Emperor's intention in sending him "was no otherwise than to make everyone his true friends and servants, and to tender all good will to your persons and estates." Thus, God actually did Magellan a favor by punishing his disobedience with death, for "if he had returned alive, he would not have got off so lightly."[10] So much for the uses of diplomacy.

After a month and a half continuous sail Saavedra's pilot read their position at 11 degrees 2 minutes north latitude; from indications in their log of their rate of speed they were probably close to the Marshalls.[11] On 15 December they ran into heavy weather. Owing to a defect in the flagship's rudder she would not respond to the helm and had to take in sail. The two other vessels scudded past her out of sight and were never heard from again. Navarrete conjectures that they were wrecked on the reefs of Gaspar Rico, that is, the island of Taongi to which Captain Salazar of Loaisa's expedition had given the name San Bartolomé.[12]

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[9] "Instrucción que dió Hernán Cortés a Alvaro de Saavedra Cerón," 1527, in Navarrete, *Viages* V, 412.

[10] "Carta que escribió Hernán Cortés al rey de Cebú," 1527, *ibid.* V, 424-425.

[11] "Relación del viage que hizo Alvaro de Saavedra," undated, *ibid.* V, 427-429. This unsigned document, written in the first person, is almost certainly Saavedra's own diary of the voyage and will be cited as such.

[12] *Ibid.* V. 96; see my Loaisa article, p. 86.

On 29 December they sighted the Ladrones but were unable to land. They sailed on in the hope of overtaking the other vessels of the expedition. They hoped in vain; but on New Year's Day, 1528, they came upon some low-lying islands where they were able to take in water. Several natives, bearded, long-visaged and very sketchily dressed in palm-leaf clouts came near in a sail boat to observe them, although they refused to have any dealings with them. From these and other indications the islands seem to have been Yap and Ulithi in the western Carolines.[13]

On 8 January they resumed their voyage. They sighted no land for three weeks and the crew began to get mutinous. Towards the end of the month "the pilot died on us, and we were left without a pilot and without anyone who knew how to determine latitude." Saavedra appointed a certain Viurco to take the dead man's place, because he was "a capable seaman and skilful at dead reckoning."[14]

On 1 February they raised land which they thought to be Mindanao, but which was probably Siargao off the northeastern cape of Mindanao. This seems to square best with their further movements. They anchored near Siargao for a few days; then, because the winds were sharp, they sought shelter at a nearby island protected by two small islets standing four leagues to the eastward and seaward. The only group in the general area of the landfall which fits this description is Bucas Island and the islets Lanajosa and Anajuan.

At Bucas some natives in a galley came out to them shouting "Castilla! Castilla!" One of them was wearing what looked very much like a Portuguese cap. They were not very trusting, however. They refused to come aboard, and when Saavedra sent some men after them with presents, they fled. The next day they returned. The ship's boat went out to meet them. The Spaniards, who were carrying muskets with lighted fuses, blandly asked the natives what they were afraid of. The natives replied that it was the lighted fuses which made them ill at ease. The Spaniards thereupon hid the lighted fuses below the stern hatchway without dousing them. This seemed to satisfy the natives. They approached, and leaving their spears and krises in their galley entered the ship's boat, where "we embraced one another and became very friendly indeed, even though it was a Judas friendship."[15]

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[13] See Francisco Coello, *La conferencia de Berlín y la cuestón de las Carolinas* (Madrid 1885), p. 75.

[14] "Relación que presentó en Madrid el año de 1534 Vicente de Nápoles sobre los sucesos de la armada de Saavedra," in Navarrete, *Viages* V, 439; Saavedra Diary, *ibid,* V, 432.

The natives promised to return in the afternoon with some fish, which they did. This time they came aboard ship after an exchange of hostages. When the native hostages returned to their galley, however, their companions tried to retain the Spanish sailor who had been exchanged for them. The sailor shouted to those in the ship's boat to get their muskets ready because "he wasn't sure what these Indians were jaberring about." He probably attached a few choice epithets to the word "Indians" but they do not appear on the record. At any rate there was a little skirmish in which three of the natives got hurt.[16]

After this rupture of diplomatic relations Saavedra decided to transfer to the two islets off Bucas. On 23 February he set sail southward in the direction of the Moluccas, apparently giving up the idea of calling at Cebu. He had gone a day's sail along the Mindanao coast when a fourteen-oared galley met them, one of the rowers waving a flag. The chief on board, who was called Catunao, gave them to understand by signs that if they would follow him he would take them where they could obtain water and provisions. They accordingly entered a harbor which Pastells conjectures to be Baganga Bay.[17]

Here Catunao's men filled the ship's water casks and brought the Spaniards rice, chickens and coconuts. They seemed far less cautious than the Bucas people. Catunao's son-in-law, the chief of the sea-coast village, came aboard with his little son in his arms. Saavedra presented him with some pieces of cloth for the child and asked him to get his people to bring more provisions. The young chief expressed his willingness, mostly by signs, but interspered with bits of broken Castilian. They were soon to find out how he learned it.

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[15] Vicente de Nápoles, *ibid.* V, 439.

[16] *Ibid.* V. 440.

[17] Pablo Pastells, "Historia general de Filipinas," in *Catálogo de documentos relativos a las islas Filipinas*, Pedro Torres y Lanzas, ed. (9 v., Barcelona, 1925-1936), I, cxxxix.

That night the young men of the village decided to have a little fun at the Spaniards' expense. They stole up to the ship in their dugouts and cut the anchor cable on the landward side. They then spliced it to a stout rattan rope and tried to beach the ship; but no matter how hard they pulled the ship would not budge. They turned to two prisoners who stood by with their hands tied behind their backs and asked them why the ship would not follow. The prisoners said that probably it was because they did not cut the cable of the other anchor. The natives proceeded to rectify the omission, but by this time the ship was aroused. Warned by the lights and voices on deck the natives fled laughing. The Spaniards did not think it was a particularly amusing joke.

Some time during the night one of the prisoners of the Baganga people was to cut himself loose. He crept to the beach in the early dawn and began waving violently to the ship. It looked like another prank and Saavedra was in no mood for pranks. He sent an armed guard in the ship's boat to teach these giddy natives to play tricks on the Spanish Navy. The man on the beach, however, instead of scurrying off, waded in to meet the boat. They pulled him aboard and found that he was a Spaniard. It was from him that Catunao's son-in-law had learned his few words of Castilian. His name was Sebastián de Puerta. He had a strange story to tell.

After the storm of 1 June 1526 which scattered Loaisa's ships, Don Jorge Manrique de Nájera, captain of the caravel *Parral,* decided to sail on to the Moluccas. Puerta was in the crew. They reached the east coast of Mindanao towards the end of August, only a few weeks before Loaisa's ship *Victoria.* The men were desperately hungry. Captain Manrique sent a party ashore in the ship's boat at a point about eight degrees north latitude, in the territory called Rutabaluy. The party found some friendly natives who promised to bring the provisions required. The captain was so overjoyed with the news that he unlocked the remaining stores in anticipation of forthcoming plenty. The next day five dugout came out to the ship laden with food, but Manrique would not permit anyone on board to buy anything from the natives, "saying that the ship's boat was ashore and would there purchase the provisions much more cheaply." He ordered the natives to shove off.

Manrique's mercantilist policy cost him dearly. He waited two days and two nights for the ship's boat. It never came. He had musket shots fired to see if the men would answer. There was no answer. He then ordered what was left of the ship's stores locked up again, "and thus the miserable men were left with a great desire to see the boat come back, that they might appease the huge hunger which they had." Manrique now worked the ship as close to shore as he could but found no trace of his men, only a crowd of natives on the beach "who made signs with their hands across their throats, as who should say, they have all had their heads cut off."

Meanwhile Puerta was brooding on his personal future, and the more he brooded the less he liked it. If he stayed with the ship he would most probably starve to death. Even if he didn't the captain had already threatened to punish him for some misdemeanor or other as soon as they reached their destination. And so, "saying to himself that he would as lief be left in that land and take his chances at being picked up by some Castilian ship, rather than suffer such hunger and toil," he slid down the ship's side and swam ashore.

He was promptly taken prisoner by the same armed band that had dealt with the landing party, but his life was spared. He learned the language of the country and did quite a bit of travelling with his master. This was Catunao, who was at war with the local chieftain and had been on a raid of Ratabaluy when he came upon the Spaniards. Cutanao's own territory was called Maluarbuco, twenty leagues to the north. While there, Puerta met a native of the Ladrones who told him that he and ten others of his nation had just escaped from a Spanish ship. They had been detained when they came aboard to trade at Guam and were made to work the

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pumps. Puerta asked him to describe the ship. The Guamese did so, mentioning among other details the fact that there was a Negress aboard named María. Puerta knew then that it was Loaisa's flagship the *Victoria.*

His master brought Puerta along on a trading voyage to Cebu. There he learned that the members of Magellan's expedition who had been taken prisoner had been sold to some Chinese merchants and taken to China. Then he came with Catunao to Baganga, the territory of Catunao's son-in-law. They bound him as a precaution when the Spanish ship appeared, but he managed to escape and there he was. As for the *Parral,* he knew nothing further. He had heard that she had been wrecked.[18]

Saavedra was to find out about that too. They resumed their course southward, doubling the finger of land which forms the southern extremity of Mindanao's eastern seaboard, and made for the island of Sarangani. The men of Sarangani brought out to Saavedra two Spaniards whom they had enslaved. Upon being questioned, they declared that they were Sánchez and Romay of the crew of the *Parral,* and besought Saavedra for the love of God to ransom them. Saavedra did so or 80 pieces of eight and an iron bar. He then gave orders to proceed to the Moluccas, where they were joyfully welcomed by Governor de la Torre and the remnant of Loaisa's expedition.

According to Sánchez and Romay this was what happened to the *Parral* after Puerta jumped ship. They coasted to a point of land two or three leagues south where they finally found people who were willing to trade. The natives swarmed aboard with their merchandise and Don Jorge Manrique sat at the stern with his brother Diego and made the purchases. All of a sudden the natives leaped at the two brothers and threw them overboard. Then poisoned arrows, spears and rocks began to fly.

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[18] Hernando de la Torre, "Derrotero del viaje y navegación de la armada de Loaisa," 1528, in Navarette V, 277; Saavedra Diary, *ibid.* V, 433-435.

> And those of the ship not knowing what to do, a gunner minded him of a lombard charge which he had, ready-rammed, and he fired it without aiming, and so they [the natives] pushed off a little from the ship, and then he rammed in another charge and fired at them again, and thus they fled ashore, and all the ship's company were sorrowful and could not be consoled at so great a calamity befalling them through the loss of the ship's boat with fourteen men and now the killing of the captain and his brother and three others, nineteen altogether; and they began to hoist the anchor, and they were so few that they could not lift it, and so they slipped the cable and made sail, wherever the wind and the current would bring them, for they neither had pilot nor seaman who knew how to handle the sails.[19]

In this fashion, said Sánchez and Romay, they reached Sanguir, and there a sudden gust drove the ship against some rocks and wrecked it, and the natives came and overpowered them and took them as slaves to various islands.

It was a very touching story.

Governor de la Torre immediately ordered a rescue expedition of three *praus* fitted out to look for the rest of the *Parral's* crew. Sánchez and Puerta were to go along as guides. Just before the expedition was to leave, however, Sánchez and Romay disappeared. They were brought back some days later by natives who said that they were trying to go over to the Portuguese at Ternate. Sánchez and Romay protested that they were merely strolling about looking for a goat, a she-goat. They wanted to buy one. De la Torre believed them. The natives, of course, were notorious liars.

After the *praus* had left with Sánchez, Romay was chatting one night with Pedro de Raigada who shared his quarters. Romay said that if Pedro could keep a secret he would tell him one. Pedro could, naturally.[20]

"You know," said Romay, "when the Indians brought me back the other day they were doing the right thing, because we were certainly on our way to Ternate."

"Why?" asked Raigada.

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[19] De la Torre, *ibid*, V, 278.

[20] *Ibid.* V, 278. De la Torre gives the following conversation verbatim.

"I will tell you, Pedro," replied Romay. "You must know that what we said about the loss of the caravel, and the rest, were all lies."

"Lies? How?"

"I will tell you. It was Sánchez and I and another fellow called Fernando del Oyo, and Juan de Olave, and four or five others, altogether nine or ten of us, who killed the captain Don Jorge and his brother Don Diego and Benavides, and after killing them we threw their bodies overboard, and having done this we beached the ship at Sanguir and wrecked it."

Romay went on to say that when Sánchez and he heard about the governor sending an expedition to search for the other members of the *Parral's* crew, fearing discovery, they decided to go over to the Portuguese.

Raigada promptly reported Romay to the governor, who had him arrested and questioned. Romay denied everything, even when put to the torture. The governor then sent a light *prau* to overtake the rescue party with an order for Sánchez's arrest. The party was at Morotai. Sánchez saw the *prau* arrive and deliver the governor's dispatch. He leaped ashore, sword in hand, and started running. As soon as the men of the expedition read the distpatch they shouted to Sánchez to come back. They were too late, of course. Later they got word that Sánchez had reached Ternate.

Romay remained a prisoner until a letter came from a survivor of the *Parral,* a Fleming named William, who wound up in Celebes. In it he gave an account of the last days of the caravel and accused Sánchez and Romay of mutiny. Romay, after being racked, finally confessed. He was condemned to be drawn, garrotted and quartered. The sentence was executed the same day.[21]

So lived this handful of soldiers and seamen on the furthest outpost of the Spanish empire, under iron discipline, fighting the Portuguese, killing them, being killed by them, because their

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[21] Oviedo, *Historia* II, 89.

Emperor claimed that the Spice Islands were his property, and that he would never give them up. The Portuguese had the advantage of a continuous line of communications stretching all the way across their half of the world to Lisbon. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were completely cut off. They had discovered how to go west to the Orient but not yet how to get back. Magellan's *Trinidad* tried to go back and failed. Saavedra tried twice and failed.[22] He died on the second voyage at the 26th meridian south of the Line, crying to his men to keep going. They did so until, having reached the 30th meridian, hunger and thirst and the winds that blew always from the wrong quarter forced them to return.

The Portuguese offered them terms, offered to feed them and take them home. But they would not yield. The Emperor's orders were to hold the Moluccas and they held it.

Meanwhile the Emperor, being at war with France and hard-pressed for money, pawned the Moluccas to Portugal in 1529 for 350,000 ducats.

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[22] See I. S. Wright, "The First American Voyage Across the Pacific," *The Geographical Review* XXIX (1939), 472-483.

"NARRATIVE OF MR. JUAN MASOLONG, FIRST CHRISTIAN OF LILIO, LAGUNA, AND THE FOUNDING OF THE TOWN IN 1572;" AN 18TH CENTURY MANUSCRIPT, TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED, WITH A COMPLETE TRANSCRIPTION OF THE ORIGINAL TAGALOG TEXT

by

CARLOS QUIRINO AND MAURO GARCIA

I. INTRODUCTION

Several months ago, a nephew of the late Antonio Graiño, the Madrid bibliophile whose collection of Filipiniana was recently acquired by the Spanish Government for two million pesetas, offered us a handwritten manuscript which he said could not be described very well because it was in Tagalog. It later turned out to be an interesting account of the founding of the town of Lilio in Laguna province, and of its first inhabitant to become a Christian, named Juan Masolong, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards in that region.

The MS consists of 32 pages in folio form on *papel Catalán* current in this country a century or two ago, size 30 by 18 centimeters, and bears the handwriting of three different individuals. Such narratives were fairly common in many parts of the archipelago up to the closing years of the Spanish regime, according to the late Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, an authority on historical matters. Ancient Filipinos had the custom of writing down and keeping religiously a chronicle of

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Carlos Quirino is the leading biographer in the Philippines and has written the lives of all the Filipino presidents from Aguinaldo to Magsaysay. He is the first Filipino to be elected Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society of Great Britain. His Filipiniana collection is noted for its quality and includes incunabula while his Philippine map collection is the largest outside of the Library of Congress and the British Museum.

Mauro Garcia serves as editor of the Philippine Journal of Science and is a noted bibliographer.

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the history of their town, and a genealogy of their leading inhabitants—narratives which, unfortunately, have rarely survived the ravages of time, fires, insects, earthquakes, and wars. In 1908, Tavera obtained a handwritten MS from one Buenaventura Dimaguila similar to this one, and published in 1920 a Spanish translation of the account in a local magazine. The Tavera MS has apparently been lost. The previous owner of the present MS could not tell from whom it had been acquired; so it must be presumed that it was sent from Manila to Madrid some time during the last century under circumstances we can only guess. Stitch marks at the inner edge show that it had been bound with other pages of which we have no record.

The original story must have been circulating by word of mouth among the oldest inhabitants of Lilio, and was not reduced to writing until many years later. The present MS seems to have been a copy of that original writing, and was made—according to the attestation clause signed by Alejandro Nuestro del Rosario, a "great, great grandson" of the original author—probably about a hundred years later, or some time in the first decade of the eighteenth century. It is our opinion that the present MS is an eighteenth century product as substantiated by the penmanship, ink and ortography of the Tagalog used.

The first thirteen and a half pages are devoted to the founding of the town, the arrival of the Spaniards, the rôle of Masolong, and the residents' complaint regarding the establishment of a church in Nagcarlang instead of in Lilio. The balance of the nearly twenty pages of this MS is a narrative of the subsequent events in Lilio and bears 1658 as the date; but again, this relation must have been copied from some earlier original MS. That there was an earlier, original MS of the town's founding—there can be no doubt. The Tavera MS was such a copy. On the whole, this MS and the Tavera document tally on events in general, although differences have crept regarding details mentioned in the footnotes. Whereas the present MS ends with 1658, the Tavera MS continues to 20 August 1846, (proving perhaps that the original MS was in existence at that time) and events as late as 1893 are entered in the Tavera account. In all probability, other copies of the original MS were made; but these two are the only ones we have a record of.

Only the first part of this MS is transcribed and transliterated in this article: The modern Tagalog text appears in italics below each line of the original MS. The English translation follows. The copious notes are self-explanatory. The 1658 entries will appear in the next issue of this bulletin.

The main events mentioned in the narrative may be summarized as follows.

Upon arrival of the Spaniards in Bay (Laguna) Juan Masolong was asked by one Francisco Orquin to meet them there. Masolong was baptized in Bay by Fr. Martin de Rada with Juan Bañol standing as his godfather. He was then sent back by Juan de Salcedo to inform his co-townspeople to prepare to meet the Spaniards in Lilio. He accordingly gathered upon his arrival his father, Tayao, and other men-folks — totalling 30 — to relay Salcedo's instruction.

When the Spaniard entered Nagcarlang the discharge of guns was heard in Lilio, as the town people, led by Laquilao who had a gun obtained from Borneo, resisted their coming. However, the natives of Lilio received the Spaniards with open arms.

Upon proceeding to Mahayhay, the Spaniards took along Masolong with another *maginoo,* named Cayamin, as guides, The discharge of guns by the Spaniards was the signal for all the natives of Mahayhay to ran away with the exception of one Lirao and a pregnant woman who was with him. The two were made captives by the Spaniards.

It was upon the return of Masolong from Mahayhay that he found a number of *maginoo* from the surrounding settlements conferring among themselves regarding the formation of Lilio.

A few years after these events occurred, the narrative projects the reader to the time when Fr. Tomas de Miranda became allegedly the first father guardian of Nagcarlang. Juan Masolong once more comes to the fore in the account when the judge and alcalde mayor of Nagcarlang offered him the head-ship of the town. Masolong declined the offer, suggesting that his nephew, Gaspar Cahopa, be appointed instead.

Lilio's status as a parochial adjunct of Nagcarlang brought a number of disadvantages to the church-going people of the town. To remedy their plight, the town *maginoo* held a council and decided to petition the Father Provincial, Fr. Hernando de Moraga, to assign to Lilio its own father guardian. Acceding to their wish, the Father Provincial gave them Fr. Miguel de San Luis.

The next significant event mentioned was during the guardianship of Fr. Pedro de los Santos and when Pedro Bangalin was the head of the town. The guardian of Nagcarlang ordered the relief of Fr. de los Santos and the evacuation of the people with their houses to Nagcarlang. This caused Lilio to be left once more without a father guardian and to the gradual decline of the town. Juan Masolong with other *maginoo* of Lilio got together and agreed to petition the authorities in Manila that they be given again their own father guardian. Their petition was granted; they were given a *Provision Real* which accorded them a father guardian for Lilio, and the first to fill this position following said decree was Fr. Bernardino de San Pascual.

A minute inquiry into the foregoing narration of events points to a number of glaring anachronisms which any student of Philippine history will not fail to notice. As shown in the beginning of the MS the date of the founding of Lilio is set in 1572. This is evidently an error. Juan de Salcedo's exploits to conquer the Bay Lake region took place in 1571. In this campaign, Salcedo went as far as the Bicol Peninsula to verify for himself reports of the rich gold mines of Paracale.

Significantly, Tavera's MS mentioned above sets the event in 1570, instead of 1572. Neither can this date be accepted. Salcedo came to Manila with Legaspi upon the latter's decision to transfer his forces from Panay to Luzon in May, 1571. Even Martin de Goiti, who preceded Legaspi in Luzon in 1570, is not known to have gone outside Manila during his stay here in June of that year.

The document is categorical in stating that Juan Masolong, allegedly the first Lilio inhabitant to become a Christian, was baptized by Fr. Martin de Rada. Fr. Rada first landed in Cebu with Legaspi in 1565, but did not take part in the expedition against Manila in 1571, and went only to the new capital the following year to attend a meeting of the Augustinian Provincial Chapter in May, 1572. Elected Provincial by his colleagues, he remained in Manila most of the time until his term as Provincial ended in April, 1575. Rada attended Legaspi at his death bed on 20 August, 1572. Since Rada arrived only in Manila a year after Salcedo's exploits in Southern Luzon, he could not have been with the latter the year previous.

The truth is that records show that the famous conquistador in his campaign was accompanied not by one but by two religious in the persons of Fr. Alonso de Alvarado and Fr. Diego de Espinar also of the Augustinian Order. Fr. Alvarado first came with Villalobos in 1542, but came back to the Philippines in 1571. He was the first minister of Tondo with jurisdiction over Navotas, Bulacan, Maysilo, Pasig, and Bay. Fr. Espinar arrived in Cebu in 1570 and was the first minister of Bulacan. The two religious had hardly landed in Manila when Legaspi ordered them to accompany Salcedo in his pacification trip. As stated above, Fr. Rada was still in Cebu at that time.

The first priest of Nagcarlang, according to the manuscript, was Fr. Tomas de Miranda. The sources show that credit for the founding of the town of Nagcarlang goes to Fr. Juan de Plasencia, Franciscan, who arrived in the Philippines in 1577. In 1578 with Fr. Juan de Oropesa, he reduced Lilio to his faith, administering the town as a parochial adjunct of Nagcarlang. Fr. Plasencia died in Lilio in 1590. Fr. Miranda himself arrived in Nagcarlang after 1591, according to Fr. Eusebio Gomez Platero, who credits him for being the first to plant wheat in the town.

Fr. Miranda appears to have been followed by Fr. Diego de Aponte following the chronology mentioned in the document. He was the guardian of Nagcarlang around 1595 to 1599, if we have to time his term with Juan Bañol who served as a judge of the town during the period.

The manuscript names Fr. Hernando de Moraga as the Father Provincial whom the people petitioned that Lilio be assigned its own guardian. Acceding to their wish, he assigned them Fr. Miguel de San Lucas, the event being timed in the document in 1607. Fr. Moraga, according to the sources, was *Presidente de Capitulo* in 1616, and in this year Fr. San Lucas was no longer alived. He sailed for the Moluccas the year previous and died by drowning in the China Sea when his boat was sunk by the English. We therefore doubt if Fr. San Lucas was the priest whom the Father Provincial referred to gave them during the time mentioned.

It is related that years after the town had its own priest to minister to its inhabitants, when Pedro Bangalin, the records show, was *Captain Bansal* from 1610 to 1613 and Fr. Pedro de los Santos was the guardian, the Father Provincial ordered the evacuation of the people to Nagcarlang. Resenting this action, they sent a delegation to Manila, petitioning both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities to give them back a father guardian. The Father Provincial at the time was Fr. Diego de Cinchon who was elected as such in 1616. As a result of their petition, the authorities gave the town a *Provision Real* which assured them a father guardian. The one who filled this position following their petition was Fr. Bernardino de San Pascual.

Fr. San Pascual, according to Gomez Platero, our authority already cited, served in Lilio in 1616. Reconciling this fact with our data above referring to Fr. Moraga who appears to have been the Father Provincial in 1616, we cannot but conclude that Fr. San Pascual, and not Fr. San Lucas, was the first father guardian to be assigned to Lilio. It is also apparent that our document records an event that extends up to 1616, and not to 1607, the date found at the end of our transcript.

With the exception of the foregoing apparent discrepancies, the document here presented forms an interesting and valuable source material on the founding of the town of Lilio in Laguna province.

Salita ni D.^{n} Juan Masolong, nacaonaohang Christiano
Salita ni Don Juan Masolong, na kauna-unahang Kristiyano

di sa Bayan ng Lilio sapanahong pagdating ng Castila
dito sa Bayan ng Lilio sa panahong pagdating ng Kastila

dito SaCapoloan sa Luson — sampon ng Camola mola
dito sa kapuluan sa Luson, — sampu ng kamula-mulaan

ang pagui guin Bayan nitong Bayan ng Lilio sataong 1572.
ng pagiging bayan nitong bayan ng Lilio sa taong 1572.

Ang salita nitong si D. Juan Masolong, ay ng ua
Ang salita nitong si Don Juan Masolong, ay nang wala

lapan malay malay maguin Christiano ang mga tauong
pang malay-malay maging Kristiyano ang mga taong

tagalog ay ang caona onahang nag palagai naghauan, at
Tagalog ay ang kauna-unahang nagpalagay, naghawan, at

gun maua nitong Bayan ng Lilio ay yaong si tayao na Anac
gumawa nitong Bayan ng Lilio ay yaong si Tayao na anak

napanganai ni Gat Apy, na ang pangalai si Mang goop, na
na panganay ni Gat Apy, na ang pangala'y si Mang Goop, na

ang casamat catolong niyai ang caniyang mga capatid, sampon
ang kasama't katulong niya'y ang kanyang mga kapatid, sampu

ng canilang mga alipin, na do on muna nila guinaua ang
ng kanilang mga alipin, na doon muna nila ginawa ang

bayang ca nilang pina mamayanan saIlaya nitong bayan
bayang kanilang pinamamayanan sa Ilaya nitong bayan

ngaion, natino toring quinalag lagan ngaion Ay ytong
nayon, na tinuturing kinalalagyan ngayon ay itong

sitayao, ay ang caniyang panganai na Anac ay ang
si Tayao, ay ang kanyang panganay na anak ay ang

pangalay si Masolong. Ay ng panahong pag dating
pangala'y si Masolong, Ay ng panahong pagdating

ng manga Castila dito saluzon (sa Mainila baga)
ng mga Kastila dito sa Luzon (sa Maynila baga)

at nag ahon sa Ba y, ay ytoxing si masolong ay y pinagbilin
at nag-ahon sa Bay ay ito ring si Masolong ay ipinagbilin

ni D. Franc.^{co} Orquin, at niong y sang Mag.^{ong} ta ga
ni Don Francisco Orquin at niyong isang maginoong taga

Ba y, na ang pangalay Lacangolo, at ang bilin, ay paxo on
Bay na ang pangala'y Lacangolo, at ang bilin, ay paroon

sa Ba y, at maquipag quita samga Castila. Capagdacay
sa Bay, at makipagkita sa mga Kastila. Kapagdaka'y

napaxo on nanga siya na ang casamay ang caniyang Anac
naparoon na nga siya na ang kasama'y ang kanyang anak

napanganai nasi Casimbag, at ysapaniyang alipin. Ay
na panganay na si Casimbag, at isa pa niyang alipin. Ay

nang siyai domating na doon sa Ba y, ay doon siya bininyagan,
nang siya'y dumating na doon sa Bay, ay doon siya bininyagan,

at pinangalang si D.^{n} Juan Masolong, Na ang nag Anac
at pinangalanang si Don Juan Masolong, Na ang nag-anak

sacaniya sapagbinyag ay ysang Castilang si D. Juan Buñol
sa kanya sa pagbinyag ay isang Kastilang si Don Juan Buñol

ang nag binyag ay ang Pad.^{e} Fr. Martin de herrada sa oxden
ang nagbinyag ay ang Padre Fr. Martin de Herrada sa Orden

ni P. S. Aug.^{n}, na ang toxing nitong Padreng nag
ni Padre San Agustin, na ang turing nitong Padreng nag-

binyag ay may capat na limang taon ang Hedad sa [2]
binyag ay may kapat na limang taon ang edad sa

pag catauo nitong si D. Juan Masolong, datapoat cani yang
pagkatao nitong si Don Juan Masolong, datapuwa't kanyang

Anac na si Casimbag ay dilinamona pinabinyagan.
anak na si Casimbag ay dili na muna pinabinyagan.

Nang maguin tatlo nang arao ang pag ta han ni D. Juan
Nang maging tatlo nang araw ang pagtahan ni Don Juan

Masolong do on sa Ba y, ay pina ouina niong Mro. de
Masolong doon sa Bay, ay pinauwi na niyong Maestro de

Campo, D. Juan Sausedo, napinanga ngalanan ng manga tauo
Campo, Don Juan Salcedo, na pinangalanan ng mga tao

sa Onang (silo silo) — At ang bilin sacanya, y, pagtiponin
sa unang (Silo Silo), — At ang bilin sa kanya ay pagtipunin

ang manga tauong caniyang mga cababayan, at houag
ang mga taong kanyang mga kababayan, at huwag

mga tacot, at con silai omahon, ay caniyang titing nan.
mangatakot at kung sila'y umahon ay kaniyang titingnan.

Nang domating na si D. Juan Masolong dito sa Bayan,
Nang dumating na si Don Juan Masolong dito sa bayan,

ay ypinatauag ang caniyang Am.^{ng} si Tayao, sampon ng
ay ipinatawag ang kanyang amang si Tayao, sampu ng

caniyang m. capatid at m. pamang quin, at ybapang m.
kanyang mga kapatid at mga pamangkin, at iba pang mga

tauong caniyang manga cahinlogan, nasilai halagan
taong kanyang mga kahinlugan, na sila'y halagang

tatlong poung manga lalaqui, at pinag-salit-an niya ng manga
tatlumpung mga lalaki, at pinagsalitaan niya ng mga

bilin niong Mxo. de Campo, at houag silang m. tacot
bilin niyong Maestro de Campo, at huwag silang mangatakot

condi bagcos salobongin nila, at bigyan ng magandang loob,
kundi bagkus salubungin nila at bigyan ng magandang loob,

silangai nagtipong lajat namaraming tauo, sa pag aabang at
sila nga'y nagtipong lahat ng maraming tao sa pag-aabang at

pag hihin tay samnga Castila, datapouat ang canilang m.
paghihintay sa mga Kastila, datapuwa't ang kanilang mga

Assaua, ay ynoiuan namuna sacanilang m. buquir.
asawa, ay iniwan na muna sa kanilang mga bukid.

Nang domating nasaNag canlang ang ma nga Castila, ay
Nang dumating na sa Nagkanlang ang mga Kastila, ay

naxingig dito sa Lilio, ang pagtogtog sanag canlang, at potoc
narinig dito sa Lilio ang pagtugtog sa Nagkanlang, at putok

ng mga baxil at long mabang ng. pag baca ang manga taga
ng mga baril at lumban ng pagbaka ang mga taga-

Nag canlang, at nag cota do on satabi ng talaybin. Ay yaong
Nagkanlang, at nagkuta doon sa tabi ng talahibin. Ay yaong

y sang mag.^{ong} ang tauag ay si Manlaguilao ay may aring
isang maginoong ang tawag ay si Manlaguilao ay may-aring

baril na ang pangalay deCadma. Naytoy binili sa Buxnay
baril na ang pangala'y deCadma. na ito'y binili sa Burnay.

[3] ay binaril niya ang manga Castila. Ay nang gomanti na
ay binaril niya ang mga Kastila. Ay nang gumanti na

mang maxil, ang m. Castila, nadino onan ng m. balas, ay
mamaril ang mga Kastila na dinoonan ng mga bala, ay

namatay si Aman laguilao, at ang y bang mangatauong
namatay si Amang Laguilao, at ang ibang mga taong

casama niya, at nag sipag tacbo, ng omalis at tong macas, at
kasama niya, at nagsipagtakbo nang umalis at tumakas, at

napaxo on sa lupang, ang ngalai San Lucas, naualan nabihag
naparoon sa lupang, ang ngala'y San Lucas, Nawalan ng bihag

ang m. castila, liban sayisang lala quing Piohin, na
ang mga Kastila liban sa isang lalaking piohin na

dinala dito sa Lilio.
dinala dito sa Lilio.

Nang paxitona ang m. Castila saBay.^{n} ng Lilio,
Nang parito na ang mga Kastila sa bayan ng Lilio,

silay limang m. Castila na ayao ng baxil, at ang m. ca
sila'y limang mga Kastila na ayaw ng baril, at ang mga ka

samang tatlong pouong sogbajanin, na nag aayao naman ng
samang tatlumpung sugbuhanin, na nag-aayaw naman ng

m. sandatang sibat at calazag, at mga Pana. ngonit dili
mga sandatang sibat at calasag, at mga pana. Nguni't dili

nag babaxil, at dili naman tinog tog ang can lang o Guimbal,
nagbabaril, at dili naman tinugtog ang kanilang o Guimbal,

aysinalobong na ng m. tauo at canilang ynanyaiahan.
ay sinalubong na ng mga tao at kanilang inanyayahan

dapouat si D. Juan Masolong, ay dili somalobong, at siya
datapuwa't si Don Juan Masolong ay dili sumalubong, at siya

ang nag ha handa ang canilang ypacacain, at ang gai ong ang
ang nahahanda ang kanilang ipakakain, at ang gayong ang

canilang tipang pag-oosap, dito sabayan saCa ng naomaga
kanilang tipang pag-uusap, dito sa bayan saka nang nag-umaga

ng y sang arao, ay long mosong dito satobig yaong mga
ng isang araw, ay lumusong dito sa tubig yaong mga

Castila, at pina no nood an pag-agus nitong tubig sam pon ng
Kastila, at pinanonood ang pag-agos nitong tubig sampu ng

pagca linao, at lamig nacanilang guinatotoua-an, ay saca
pagkalinaw, at lamig na kanilang kinatutuwaan, ay saka

naquita yaong lic hang m. tatauo na y naaxin larauan ng
nakita yaong likhang mga tatao na inaaring larawan ng

manga tauo saona, Ay ypinacuha niong General at ypinabitin
mga tao sa una, ay ipinakuha niyong Heneral at ipinabitin

saytaas ng niog, at pinag baba xil niong m. Castila, at
sa itaas ng niyog, at pinagbabaril niyong mga Kastila at

bago ypinasonog. At sacatong manong samga tauo con
bago ipinasunog. At saka tumanong sa mga tao kung

anong Dios ang canilang sinasamba, ay ang sagot ni D.^{n}
anong Diyos ang kanilang sinasamba, ay ang sagot ni Don

[4] Juan Masolong, ay bagaman maraming manga Dios ang
Juan Masolong, ay bagaman maraming mga Diyos ang

canilang yguinagalang natinotorang manga bat hala, ay ang
kanilang iginagalang na tinuturang mga bathala, ay ang

lalo salahat nacanilang sinasam ba, at yguinagalang, ay ang
lalo sa lahat na kanilang sinasamba, at iginagalang ay ang

bathalang mayCapal (samacutouix combaga ngai on, ay ang
Bathalang Maykapal (samakatuwid kung baga ngayon, ay ang

Dios namay gaua salahat) Ay si D. Juan Masolong ay
Diyos na may-gawa sa lahat). Ay si Don Juan Masolong ay

binig yan ng Gen.^{l} D. Juan desausedo ng y sang Cruz
binigyan ng Heneral Don Juan de Salcedo ng isang krus

natumbaga, at yto (aniya) ang yiong yngatang magaling at
na tumbaga, at ito (aniya) ang iyong ingatang magaling at

siya mong sandatahin, At bago ypinag bilin pang moli nati-
siya mong sandatahin, at bago ipinagbilin pang muli na ti

ponin ang caramihang tauo, at houag matacot at con
punin ang karamihang tao, at huwag matakot at kung

domating ang m. Padxes mag sipa binyag ang lahat.
dumating ang mga padres magsipabinyag ang lahat.

Sacanaman tinanong yaong Pyohin bihag nataga nag
Saka naman tinanong yaong piyohing bihag na taga-Nag-

canlang, at conino (anyang) nag papasonor ng co cota doon
kanlang, at kanino (aniya) nagpapasunod ng kukuta doon

sanag canlang, Ay ang togon ay sitomalar ang Oica ang aming
sa Nagkanlang, ay ang tugon ay siTomalar ang wika ang aming

pinacapono. Ypina caon ng General Salcedo yaong sitomalar,
pinakapuno. Ipinakaon ng Heneral Salcedo yaong si Tomalar,

ay ng domating dito sa Lilio, ay ypinaj amo amo niyong
ay nang dumating dito sa Lilio, ay ipinaamu-amo niyong

sitayao na Ama ni D. Juan Masolong do on sa Gen.^{l} at
si Tayao na ama ni Don Juan Masolong doon sa Heneral, at

mag dalita at houag cagalitan, at patauaxin na sitomalar, Ay
magdalita at huwag kagalitan, at patawarin na si Tomalar Ay

dili nanga ynauayan bag cos yna amo amo, at ang vicai
dili na nga inawayan bagkus inamu amo at ang wika'y

tiponin ang mga tauo naparandin na man ng pag bibilin cay
tipunin ang mga tao na para din naman ng pagbibilin kay

D. Juan Masolong at con domating ang m. Pad.^{es} ay
Don Juan Masolong at kung dumating ang mga padres ay

mag si pabinyag, at bago pinaoui sanag canlang na muli.
magsipabinyag, at bago pinauwi sa Nagkanlang na muli.

Nang mahapon niong ding arao nayaon ay gon mayac
Nang mahapon niyon ding araw na yaon ay gumayak

na ang mga Castila sampon ng canilang m. casama, at
na ang mga Kastila sampu ng kanilang mga kasama, at

totoloy sa Mahai [5] hay, ay nag bigay ang General cay D.
tutuloy sa Mahay- hay, ay nagbigay ang General kay Don

Juan masolong ng tatlong pesos nabayad sacanilang quina ing
Juan Masolong ng tatlong piso na bayad sa kanilang kinaing

mag cacasama, ay y sina oli nitayao at ang uicay pabaya ana,
makakasama, ay isinauli ni Tayao at ang wika'y pabayaan na

at huag ng bayaran ay dili din tinag gap na moli ng
at huwag nang bayaran ay dili din tinanggap na muli ng

Castila, at y binigay din cay D. Juan Masolong, at ang
Kastila at ibinigay din kay Don Juan Masolong, at ang

do on sa bajay niyatomatahan ang m. Castila, at siyapa
doon sa bahay niya tumatahan ang mga Kastila, at siya pa

naman ang nag babahala nang canilang pag ca ing mag caca-
naman ang nagbabahala ng kanilang pagkaing magkaka

sama.
sama.

Nanglomacad ng para Majayjay ya ong m. Castila,
Nang lumakad ng para Majayjay yaong mga Kastila,

at ang m. casama nilang manga sogbohanin, ay ypinag
at ang mga kasama nilang mga sugbohanin ay ipinag-

samadin naman si D. Juan Masolong, na ang casama pa
sama din naman si Don Juan Masolong, na ang kasama pa

naman niyay y sang maguino ang pangalai sicoyamin ay
naman niya'y isang maginoo ang pangala'y si Coyamin ay

ng silay domating satobig ng Olla ay naquita nilang may
nang sila'y dumating sa tubig ng olla ay nakita nilang may

m. tauong nag babantay sadaang cabolosan ay silay nag-
mga taong nagbabantay sa daang kabulosan ay sila'y nag

saoli, at doon sila nagda-an sa cobolo jang da-an sa Panglan
sauli at doon sila nagdaan sa kabulohang daan sa Panglan

at silay nag louai louway ng canilang pag lacar at ang pag
at sila'y nag luway-luway ng kanilang paglakad at ang pag-

pasoc nilai sa Majayhay ay malalim lalimpang maraling
pasok nila'y sa Majayjay ay malalim-lalim pang madaling

arao, nabaxil, at tambor ang canilang pag pasoc, ay nangag
araw, nabaril at tambor ang kanilang pagpasok ay nangag-

sipag tacbo ang mgatauo naualan nag tira sabayan condi-
sipagtakbo ang mga tao nawalan ng tira sa bayan kundi

yaong y sang lalaquing ang pangali si Lirao, at y sang bontis
yaong isang lalaking ang pangala'y si Lirao, at isang buntis

na cagam pan, nasiyang binihag ng m. castila.
na kagampan na siyang binihag ng mga Kastila.

Nang mag liuanagna ang arao nayoan, ay si D. Juan
Nang magliwanag na ang araw na yaon ay si Don Juan

Masolong at ang caniyang casam.^{ng} si Cayamin, ay pina
Masolong at ang kaniyang kasamang si Cayamin, ay pina-

ouina ng Gen.^{l} D.^{n} Juan de Saucedo ay ng silai domating
uwi ng Heneral Don Juan de Salcedo ay nang sila'y dumating

sabahay ni tayao na Ama niya, ay ang dinat-nan doon nag
sa bahay ni Tayao na ama niya ay ang dinatnan doong nag-

hihintai, ay y sang Mag.^{o} sataga Ylaia na ang pangalai si
hihintay ay isang maginoong sa taga-Ilaya na ang pangala'y si

Bansalan, at si Hom.^{n} da nataga monting Lilio, at si Mandiig
Bansalan, at si Homanda na taga-munting Lilio at si Mandiig

[6] nataga Oplis hangan nion ay nag osap osap na silang
na taga-Oplis hanggang niyon ay nag-usap-usap na silang

m. Mag.^{o} at pinag tipona ang m. tauong canilang
mga maginoo at pinagtipon na ang mga taong kanilang

cababayan, at ytong apat na bay.^{n} ay dito na nag capisang
kababayan, at itong apat na bayan ay dito na nagkapisang

lajat samalaqng Lilio.
lahat sa malaking Lilio.

Ilang mag liban taon ay don mating na ang manga Pad.^{eng}
Ilang maglibang taon ay dumating na ang mga padreng

nag bujat sa España naypina dala dito ng H. P.
nagbuhat sa España na ipinadala dito ng Haring Panginoon

N. ay ang caona onajang naguin P.^{e} sa Bayan ng Nag
Natin ay ang kauna-unahang naging padre sa bayan ng Nag-

canlang, ay ang M. P.^{e} Fr. Thom.^{s} de Miranda na siyang
kanlang ay ang M. padre Fr. Thomas de Miranda na siyang

caona onahang P.^{eng} nag binyag sam. tauo dito sa bay.^{n}
kaunaunahang padreng nagbinyág sa mga tao dito sa bayan

ng Lilio, at Nagcanlang, at doon sapanahong yaon nag mula,
ng Lilio at Nagkanlang, at doon sa panahong yaon nagmula

ang pagcapalatag, at pagcasa bog dito niyong m.^{l} na sa-
ang pagkapalatag at pagkasabog dito niyong mahal na sa-

cramtong pag binyag at sampon ng ybapang maliliuanag
kramentong pagbinyag at sampu ng iba pang maliliwanag

na aral ng P. D. at ng Sta. Ygl.^{a} nasiya nating
na aral ng Panginoon Dios at ng Santa Iglesia na siya nating

sucat ypag pasalamat, ng ualang saua samay capal na ma
sukat ipagpasalamat nang walang sawa sa Maykapal na ma-

auain saatin.
awain sa atin.

Ngonit bagamat naguin m. Chxistianos na ang lajat
Nguni't bagamat naging mga Kristiyano na ang lahat

nam. tauo dito sa Lilio, ay ualang P.^{eng} tomatajan dito,
na mga tao dito sa Lilio, ay walang padreng tumatahan dito,

atdoondin sanagcanlang naq. q. pag simba ang m. tauo dito
at doon din sa Nagkanlang nakikipagsimba ang mga tao rito

satouing Domingo at m. fiestas, at Con magcasaquit doon
sa tuwing Domingo at mga piyesta at kung magkasakit doon

din ynihajatid sapag cocomfesar, at pag lala na, at con ma-
din inihahatid sa pagkukumpisal at paglala na at kung ma-

matay doondin ynililibing. Datapouat ytong Bayan, ay na-
matay doon din inililibing. Datapuwa't itong bayan ay na-

guin apat na dolojan (Barangai baga) nanag Capisan na
ging apat na duluhan (Barangay baga) na nagkapisan na

ytong apat nadolohan o balangai, ay mag cacajinlogan at bi-
itong apat na duluhan o balangay, ay magkakahinlugan at bi-

hira ang di nila camag anac.
hira ang di nila kamag-anak.

Itongani ay ang malaqng Lilio nana [7] sabina sapono
Ito nga ay ang malaking Lilio na nasabi na sa puno

nitong Relacion, aypinag ponoan nitong si D. Juan Maso-
nitong Relacion ay pinagpunuan nitong si Don Juan Maso-

long, Ang yoo layay (sic) ang taga Ilaya napinang poponoan
long, Ang ihihiwalay ang taga-Ilaya na pinagpupunuan

ni D. Anxs bansalan, ang ycatloy ang mga taga monting
ni Don Andres Bansalan, ang ikatlo'y ang mga taga-munting

Lilio, napinag poponoan ni D. Pa.^{s} Homanda ang ycapat,
Lilio, na pinagpupunuan ni Don Pascual Homanda ang ikaapat

ay ang taga Oplis napinag popono an ni D. Diego mandiig.
ay ang taga-Oplis na pinagpupunuan ni Don Diego Mandiig.

Nang maguin Guaxd.^{n} sa Bayan ng Nag canl.^{ng} ang
Nang maging guwardan sa bayan ng Nagkanlang ang

P.^{e} Fr. S. Diego Aponte at don mating ang Hocom nasi
Padre Fr. San Diego Aponte at dumating ang hukom na si

D.^{n} Juan bañol, ay ytoxing si D. Juan Masolong Pa lib hasay
Don Juan Bañol ay ito ring si Don Juan Masolong palibhasa'y

siyang onang nag. q. lala ng m. castila, at ang siyang onang
siyang unang nagkilala ng mga Kastila, at ang siyang onang

naguin Chxistiano. Ay ypinatawag ng Hocom, at gagaoing
naging Kristiyano. Ay ipinatawag ng hukom at gagawing

C. B.^{l} sa Bay.^{n} ng Nag c.^{r} ay hong mingi ng
Kapitan Bansal sa bansal ng Nagkanlang, ay humingi ng

tauad, at ang siyai dili mang yaxing maca alis sa Lilio, Ay
tawad, at ang siya'y dili mangyaring makaalis sa Lilio, Ay

samantalang siyai may y sang pamang quin bo, o, na Anac
samantalang siya'y may isang pamangking buo na anak

ng caniyag cap.^{d} na ang pangalai si D. Gaspar Cahopa,
ng kanyang kapatid na ang pangala'y si Don Gaspar Cahopa,

ay siya ng Gaoing Capp. B.^{l} at samantalang mabait
ay siya nang gawing Kapitan Bansal at samantalang mabait

naman, at sucat ng maca sonor sa anomang otos ng
naman at sukat nang makasunod sa anumang utos ng

P. D. at ng Haxing P. N. Ay tinangap
Panginoong Dios at ng Haring Panginoon Natin. Ay tinanggap

din ng Hocom, at siya nangang guinauang Cappn Basal
din ng hukom at siya na ngang ginawang Kapitan Basal

ytong si D. Gasp.^{r} Cahopa. At yaong arao nayaon ang
itong si Don Gaspar Cahopa. At yaong araw na yaon, ang

cao na onahang pag hajalal ng m. C. B. na Ta-
kauna-unahang paghahalal ng mga Kapitan Bansal na Ta-

galog dito sa Hocoman ng Ba y. Diyatai si D. Gaspar Ca-
galog dito sa hukuman ng Bay. Diyata'y si Don Gaspar Ca-

hopa ay siy.^{ng} caona onahang Cap.^{n} sa Nagc.^{n} bago
hopa, ay siyang kauna-unahang kapitan sa Nagkanlang bago

na lonor, ang y bang m. mag.^{o} nahang.^{n} ngai on, at
nalunod, ang ibang mga maginoo na hanggang ngayon at

hang.^{n} caylan paman [8] touing lino loob ng Dios.
hanggang kailan pa man tuwing linoloob ng Diyos.

Nang maguin ylan ng taon, ytong pag sisimba ng m.
Nang maging ilan nang taon itong pagsisimba ng mga

taga Lilio, sa Bayan ng Nag canlang ay canilang mina maxali-
taga-Lilio sa bayan ng Nagkanlang ay kanilang minamarali-

tang lubha ang pag ca silai malayo sasimbahang, may P.^{e},
tang lubha ang pagka sila'y malayo sa simbahang may padre

ay con maolan, ay dili sila macapag simba, at ang palebhasai
ay Kung maulan ay dili sila makapagsimba at ang palibhasa'y

maraming Ylog natinata uid, ay con mai tauong mag caca-
maraming ilog na tinatawid, ay kung may taong magkaka-

saquit ng big lang saquit, ay bihirang macaabot ng sacramtong
sakit ng biglang sakit ay bihirang makaabot ng sakramentong

comfiscion, at ng santos oleos man, at comonion. At con sila
kumpisyon, at ng santos oleos man at komunyon. At kung sila

namay paro ong mag simba ay may mga Panganib satombas
nama'y paroong magsimba ay may mga panganib sa tumbas

monting axi nilang pinapana uan dito sa Lilio, at may mga
munting ari nilang pinapanawan dito sa Lilio, at may mga

ybapa nam.^{ng} m. dahilang unaxi nilang malaqng casalatan
iba pa namang mga dahilang inari nilang malaking kasalatan

sacanilang pamamayan, caya silang lahat na manga Mag.^{o}
sa kanilang pamamayan, kaya silang lahat na mga Maginoo

ay nag sang osapan, at dong molog sila sa P.^{e} Pxov.
ay nagsang-usapan at dumulog sila sa padre probinsiyal

ng Panajong yaon na ang pangalai P.^{e} Fr. Hernando de-
ng panahong yaon na ang pangala'y Padre Fr. Hernando de

moraga, at mag dalita ang oica nila ang aming Pang.^{ong}
Moraga at magdalita ang wika nila ang aming panginoong

P.^{e} Provencial, at cami bigyan ng ysang P.^{e} na am.^{ng}
padre probinsiyal at kami bigyan ng isang padre na aming

maguinguin Guaxd.^{n} dito saaming Bayan. Ay ypina hintolot
magiging guwardan dito sa aming bayan. Ay ipinahintulot

din ng P.^{e} Pxoal, at ang ybini gai ay ang P.^{e} Fr.
din ng padre probinsiyal at ang ibinigay ay ang Padre Fr.

Mig.^{l} des. Lucas, at sa ca ng maysang taong song monod,
Miguel de San Lucas, at saka ng may isang taong sumusunod,

ay guinaco an na ng Hocom ng Cappn. Basal, na ang yni halal,
ay ginakuan na ng hukom ng Kapitan Bansal na ang inihalal

ay si D. Lucas pasanpao nama nugang ni D. Juan Ma-
ay si Don Lucas Pasanpao na manugang ni Don Juan Ma-

solong, magandang tauo, at maxunung ng sulat castila, at
solong, magandang tao at marunong ng sulat-Kastila, at

tagapanolat ng mga P.^{e} niy.^{ng} panahong yaon.
tagapanulat ng mga padre niyong panahong yaon.

[9] Ylang taong (nong) cahali halili mona ang manga
Ilang taong nong kahali-halili muna ang mga

P.^{eng} Guard.^{n} dito saBayan, naton.^{ng} Cap.^{os} ng m.
padreng guwardan dito sa bayan na totoong kapos ng mga

P.^{e} ay binibig yandin ng Guax.^{n} dito at ang m.
padre ay binibigyan din ng guwardan dito at ang mga

tauo namai samalqng aua ng P. D., ay tong motobo
tao nama'y sa malaking awa ng Panginoon Diyos ay tumutubo

at nalalauo y na rami, at may dong maxonung na ng sulat
at nalalao'y narami at mayroong marunong na ng sulat

at ng m. pag cacantang pag pupuri sa P. D.^{s} at
at ng mga pagkakantang pagpupuri sa Panginoong Diyos at

sam.[1] na Vixgen, ay ng mag^{n}. Guax.^{n} dito ang P.^{e}
sa mahal na Birhen, ay nang maging guwardan dito ang Padre

Fx. Ped.^{o} de los santos, naang Fiscal maior, ay si Ped.^{o} ban-
Fr. Pedro de los Santos na ang Fiscal-mayor ay si Pedro Bang-

galin, ay nagcaosap Ytong Bayan, ng con anong dahilan yaon
galin, ay nagkausap itong bayan ng kung anong dahilan yaon

ay ypinag otos ng P.^{e} Pxoal, at pinaa lis ang P.^{e} Fr.
ay ipinag-utos ng padre probinsiyal at pinaalis ang Padre Fr.

Ped.^{o} de los santos, at ang manga tauoy pao ouiin sa
Pedro de los Santos, at ang mga tao'y pauuwiin sa

Nagc.^{n}, at sampon ng m. bahai, ay ypabubuhat, at ypa
Nagkanlang at sampu ng mga bahay ay ipabubuhat at ipa-

o oui do on. Caya nga naparito ang Guax.^{n} sa Nag c.^{n}
uuwi doon. Kaya nga naparito ang guwardan sa Nagkanlang

at ang m. bobong ng m. bahay sampon mga ding ding
at ang mga bubong ng mga bahay sampung mga dinding

ay ipina ho holog sa lupa, at ang otos ay buhating dalhin sa
ay ipinahuhulog sa lupa, at ang utos ay buhating dalhin sa

Nagc.^{n} ay ang naona ng ong moui doon ay si D. Gaspar
Nagkanlang, ay ang nauna nang umuwi doon ay si Don Gaspar

Cahopa, at si D. Die.^{o} Labonin, at si D. Gon.^{o} mamili,
Cahopa, at si Don Diego Labonin at si Don Gonzalo Mamili,

namga Mag.^{o} dito, ay siyag gapinag hinanactan ng m.
na mga maginoo dito, ay siyang pinaghinanakitan ng mga

tauo dito, sada hilang yto, at ang yaong silai ganahahalal na
tao dito sa dahilang ito, at ang yaong sila'y inihalal na

sapag popono doon sa Nagc.^{n} nacasama ng ybang mga
sa pagpupuno don sa Nagkanlang na kasama ng ibang mga

Mag.^{ong} dating tauo sa Nagcanlang.
maginoong dating tao sa Nagkanlang.

Malaqui mandin ang pan hihina yang niong m.
Malaki mandin ang panghihinayang niyong mga

Mag.^{o} at tauong namamay.^{n} dito sacanilang m. pag
maginoo at taong namamayan dito sa kanilang mga pag-

calagay at m. hala [10] man. palibhasai ytong Bayan, ay
kalagay at mga halaman palibhasa'y itong bayan ay

oala man munang P.^{e} Guax.^{ng} nag aalaga, ay ba yan ngo
wala man munang padre guardang nag-aalaga, ay bayan ngo

ning guinauat ypinatali niong si ta yao, at ng caniyang manga
ning ginawa't ipinatali niyong si Tayao, at ng kaniyang mga

capatid, at lupang binag bag namana nila sacanilang amang
kapatid at lupang binagbag na mana nila sa kanilang amang

si Gat Apya, nanaguin paquinabang ng ma nga Ynanac nila,
si Gat Apya, na naging pakinabang ng mga inanak nila,

nito bagang m. tauong na pag to toran dito, at m. to
nito bagang mga taong na pagtuturan dito at mga tu-

toran pa hangan sa holi nitong Relacion. At magaling manding
turan pa hanggang sa huli nitong relasiyon. At magaling mandin

ang canilang pamamayan, at may mga pino nong nag papa-
ang kanilang pamamayan, at may mga pinunong nagpapa-

sonor, at, nag a atao, at ang canilang manga cas.^{a} sa B. T.
sunod at nag-aataw at ang kanilang mga kasama sa B. T.

ay yaong apat namga Mag.^{ong} tinoran na sa Ytaas ni tong
ay yaong apat na mga maginoong tinuran na sa itaas nitong

sulat na si D. Juan Masolong, at si D. Pab.^{o} Homanda,
sulat na si Don Juan Masolong at si Don Pablo Homanda

at si D. Anxs Bansalan, at si Die.^{o} Mandiig. Ha saga-
at si Don Andres Bansalan at si Diego Mandiig. Ha? sa ga-

nitong dahilan ay silay nag capisan, at nag san osapan, at
nitong dahilan ay sila'y nagkapisan at nagsang-usapan, at

gon mayat nat nag osap sa Mayn.^{a} sa señor Gov.^{or} at
gumayak na't nag-usap sa Maynila sa Señor Gobernador at

sa Audiencia Real, na ang P.^{e} Pxoal niong Pana-
sa Audiencia Real, na ang padre probinsiyal niyong pana-

hong yaon ay ang P.^{e} Fray Diego de Chimson, at ang
hong yaon ay ang Padre Fray Diego de Chimson, at ang

napasa Mai nilang nag osap, ay si D. Pox.^{o} Mangayao, at
napasa Maynilang nag-usap ay si Don Lorenzo Mangayao at

si D. Benito Capono at ang magassaua ni D.^{n} Barth.^{e}
Si Don Benito Capono at ang mag-asawa ni Don Bartolome

Carail, ni D. Ynes sera, at ybapang cababata ang cani-
Carail, ni Donya Ines Sera, at iba pang kababata ang kani-

lang mi. cassama, at ang salaping guinastang labin limang
lang mga kasama, at ang salaping ginastang labing-limang

pesos ay nag mula cay D. Juan Masolong ang sang pouong
piso ay nagmula kay Don Juan Masolong ang sampung

p.^{s}, at ang limang pesos, ay cay D.^{n} Venito Capono, at
piso. at ang limang piso ay kay Don Benito Capono, at

bocod pa dito ang y bang m. gasta sa Presentacion, at sa
bukod pa dito ang ibang mga gasta sa presentasiyon at sa

[11] manga pintacasi. Ang Cappn. Basal dito sa Bayan ng
mga pintakasi. Ang Kapitan Basal dito sa bayan ng

panahong yaon, ay si D.^{n} Fabian Layonan, nasiyang nag
panahong yaon ay si Don Fabian Layonan, na siyang nag-

babajala ng m. ambagan, ng tauong mamamayan naqui
babahala ng mga ambagan, ng taong mamamayan naging

nagasta dito sam. pag oosap nayto, nang taong. [In the original space left here, "1607 a.^{s}" was inserted apparently by a later hand]
nagasta dito sa mga pag-uusap na ito nang taong 1607.

At ang nangag calag nang sa lapi, at m. casamang nag osap,
At ang nangagkalag ng salapi at mga kasamang nag-usap

ay nata tanda-an sa holi nitong Relacion, at ng dimalimotan
ay natatandaan sa huli nitong relasiyon, at nang di-malimutan

samahololing arao.
sa mahuhuling araw.

Nang mayari ytong mga pag oosap, ay doon binig yan ng
Nang mayari itong mga pag-uusap, ay doon binigyan ng

ysang sulat naprovision Real, ng pagcahang.^{n} caylang man
isang sulat na probinsyon-real ng pagkahanggang kailan man

aydilina sucat paual-anpa ng P.^{e} Guar.^{n} ytong Bay.^{n} ng
ay dili na sukat pawalan pa ng padre guwardan itong bayan

Lilio, at ang naguin Guar.^{n} dito, ng maca pag osapna
ng Lilio at ang naging guwardan dito ng makapag-usap na

sa Mainila ay ang P.^{e} Fray Bexnaxdino des. Pasqual. ["Fin de la Historia" is added here apparently by the same hand which inserted date "1607" and following text]
sa Maynila ay ang Padre Fray Bernardino de San Pascual.

Huag y pahamac ninoman ang mga sulat sa una, at ng
Huwag ipahamak ninuman ang mga sulat sa una at nang

matanto ng nahuhuli, yayang ang ganitong bagay ay naca lili-
matanto ng nahuhuli yayang ang ganitong bagay ay nakalili-

uanag din sa mga na huhuli, sa icaayon at y huhusay ng ma-
wanag din sa mga nahuhuli sa ikaaayon at ihuhusay ng ma-

gandang pamamayan o pag papasonor ng marapat sa A.,
gandang pamamayan o pagpapasunod ng marapat sa ating

P. Dios.
Panginoon Diyos.

Ang caapo-apohan ng nag ahica nito na si D.^{n} Alejandro
Ang kaapu-apuhan ng nag-adhika nito na si Don Alejandro

Nuestro del Rosario.
Nuestro del Rosario.
[Rubric]

[1?] Lista ng nag osap sa Maynila, Patinang nag sipag gasta,
Lista ng nag-usap sa Maynila, pati ng nagsipaggasta

nadiomaalis dito sa Bayan tapat sa taong ["1607" inserted here]
na di-umalis dito sa bayan tapat sa taong 1607.

D. Juan masolong Dies p.^{s} ....
Don Juan Masolong dies pesos

D. Loxenso Mangayao ....
Don Lorenzo Mangayao

D. Frans.^{co} Domay ....
Don Francisco Domay

D. Benito Capono . sinco p.^{s} ....
Don Benito Capono sinco pesos

D. Baxth.^{e} Carail ....
Don Bartholome Carail

D.^{a} Ines Sira ....
Doña Ines Sera

D. Fabian Loyona, Yto ang C. B.^{l} ng may osap.
Don Fabian Loyona, ito ang Kapitan Bansal ng may-usap.

Ama ni D. Pe.^{o} cal.^{n} ton
Ama ni Don Pedro Calenton

Ytonaman ang m. tauong diong malis dito sa Bayan na
Ito naman ang mga taong hindi umalis dito sa bayan na

casamang mag Gasta:
kasamang naggasta:

Ang mag Yna ni Zacmang ....
Ang mag-ina ni Zacmang

Hapona ....
Hapona

Yna ni Manola ....
Ina ni Manola

Si sam sam ....
Si Samsam

Frans.co mag bolo ....
Francisco Magbolo

Aman Lomayon ....
Amang Lomayon ....

Aman Potongis ....
Aman Potongis

Mag cau s ....
Magcaus

Inang San cay ....
Inang Sancay

III. TRANSLATION

Narrative of Mr. Juan Masolong, first Christian of Lilio, Laguna, and the founding of the town in 1572.[1]

It is related by Mr. Juan Masolong[2] that when the Tagalog people had no idea yet of becoming Christians, the first one to found the town of Lilio was Tayao[3] who was the first-born of Gat Apy[4] whose name was Mang Goop.[5] Tayao's companions were his brothers and their slaves. They first built the town in the interior part of its present location. Tayao's first-born was Masolong. At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards in Luzon (Manila in fact) and upon proceeding to Bay, it was Masolong and Lacangolo[6], a maginoó[7] of Bay who were asked to go to Bay by one Francisco Orquin to meet them. Masolong went accordingly with his first-born Casimbag[8] and a slave. Upon arrival in Bay, he was baptized and named Juan Masolong, and the one who stood as his godfather was a Spaniard, Mr. Juan Buñol,[9] and the one who baptized him was Father Fr. Martin de Herrada[10] of the Order of Saint Augustin. According to the latter, Mr. Juan Masolong

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[1] In *Lilio, Laguna,* by T. H. Pardo de Tavera (Manila, n.d.), hereinafter to be referred to as Tavera, this date appears as 1570, which is evidently an error. The first Spanish expedition to Luzon left Panay Island on 8 May 1570. Led by Martín de Goiti with Juan de Salcedo as second in command, it reached Luzón Island a few day later. Goiti took formal possession of the island on June 6. Salcedo, however, failed to reach Manila in this expedition, as he was left behind in Balayan, Batangas, where he was wounded in a skirmish with the natives. Picked up later by Goiti, Salcedo with the former, arrived in Panay about the middle of June, 1570. Legazpi himself, after deciding to move to Luzon, arrived in Manila in May 1571, formally founding the city on June 3 of this year. Salcedo's exploits to conquer Southern Luzon began on August 15, 1571. "Relación de la conquista de la Isla de Luzón," in Retana, *Archivo,* Tomo IV, p. 1-37; English version in Blair & Robertson, *Philippine Islands,* Vol. III, p. 73-104. Cf. MacCarthy, *Spanish beginnings in the Philippines,* 1564-1572, p. 76-94. See Note 31, below.

[2] Tavera's spelling is "Masulong." For this and other names of persons and places, we have preferred the forms found in our MS.

[3] Spelt "Tayaw" in Tavera.

[4] "Gatapya" in *ibid.* The term "Gat," which Tavera thinks is of Bornean origin, when used to precede a person's name, indicated rank such as chief or principal, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards. Present-day surnames in which the term remains preserved are Gatdula, Gatchalian, and Gatmaitan, among others. Tavera, *op.cit*, p. 13, note 1. As a title of nobility among the ancient Tagalog, Gat is equivalent to the Spanish "Don", and is inferior to "Lakan." Serrano Laktaw, *Dic. Tagalog-Hispano,* p. 2151; see also note 5 and 6 below.

[5] As "Mag-guap" in *ibid.* "Mang" an apheresis of "Máma" and a synonym of "Man" and "Amba" or "Ba," is a kinship term for uncle; by ex-

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tension to male persons outside the family group, an honorific equivalent to "señor" (Spanish) or "mister" (English). Serrano-Laktaw, *op. it.*, p. 754 and 775.

[6] "Lakanggalo" in *ibid.* "Laca" or "Lacan" is like "Gat" a title of nobility among the ancient Tagalog. The former is higher in rank than the latter, and means a descendant of rulers. Serrano-Laktaw, *op. cit.*, p. 535. Tavera thinks the term is of Sanskrit origin and is illustrated in the name of the famous Lacandola, chief of Tondo, and in present-day names, such as Lacanbini and Lacanilao. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 13, note 2.

[7] An honorific term equivalent to "Señor" (Spanish) or "Mister" (English). In the early political organization of our people, it means a prince or noble or one of the *Mahadlica* class. Paterno, *Antigua civilización Tagalog*, p. 191-201, in which he quotes from Plasencia, Morga, and San Antonio.

[8] Tavera gives this as "Kasinbog."

[9] Spelt as "Banliol" in Tavera. In his notes, however, he says this Spaniard was actually Juan Bañol. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 13, note 3. Among the encomenderos who were assigned encomiendas by Legazpi at the time of the conquest of Luzon, there was one Francisco Bañol who was assigned three villages of Bay on 15 April 1572. Colin, *Labor Evangélica*, (Pastells ed., Barcelona, 1904), Vol. 1, p. 157-158, note; for an abstract in English of the document found in this work, see Blair and Robertson, *Philippine Islands*, Vol. XXXIV, p. 304-310.. If Juan Bañol, as Tavera says (Note 44, below) actually existed, he must have been a relation of this early encomendero.

[10] Fr. Martín de Rada is meant. Fr. Rada arrived with Legazpi in Cebú in 1565. Upon departure of Fr. Diego de Herrera in 1572, he became Provincial (the second) of the Apostolic Province of the Philippines, and was the one who baptized Raja Matanda of Manila. He was also the one who preached the sermon at the funeral services for Legazpi who died in Manila on 20 August

was then 20 years old. However, he did not have his son Casimbag baptized.

After a stay of three days in Bay, Mr. Juan Masolong was sent home by the Master of Camp, Mr. Juan Salcedo, who was known by the old inhabitants as Silo Silo.[11] He [Masolong] was ordered to gather his townspeople to meet the Spaniards and told they had nothing to fear.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Juan Masolong in this town, he sent for his father, Tayao, including his brothers, nephews, and other relatives who numbered 30 men, and conveyed to them the order of the Master of Camp, telling them not to fear, but to show courtesy to the Spaniards. They all accordingly gathered to wait for the Spaniards, although they left their wives in the fields.

When the Spaniards arrived in Nagcarlang,[12] the second of the discharge of guns in Nagcanlang, was heard in Lilio, and the natives of Nagcanlang put up a fight, taking refuge in the *talaybin* [cogon grass field]. One *maginoó* named Mandaquilao[13] had a gun called De Cadma which he had ac-

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1572. In 1575, with Fr. Jerónimo Marin he went on an ambassadorial mission to China, being the first Spaniard to enter that country. He died on board a ship while taking part in Governor de Sande's expedition to Brunei in June 1578. Castro, *Misionero Agustino* (being his "Osario Venerable" ed. by Manuel Merino; Madrid, 1954), p. 221; Pérez, *Catálogo,* p. 4. For a more adequate biography of Fr. Rada in English, see Boxer, *South China in the sixteenth century* (London, 1953), introd., p. xlvii ff.

[11] Tavera spells out "Salcedo" as "Desaosido", which is obviously a corruption of the original. Silosilo (from "silo", Tagalog for "snare") was apparently a nickname given by the natives to Juan de Salcedo. See Note 31, below.

[12] Presently "Nagcarlang," a hispanization of the original. "Nagcanlang" or "Nagcanlong" (from "kanlong") is Tagalong for "having taken refuge." The derivation of the name of the town is obvious from the narrative: the natives, after putting up a fight against the Spaniards, took refuge by the *talaybin.*

[13] "Manlaquilao" and "Aman Laquilao" (Note 15, below) appear as "Minlakilaw" and "Lakilaw" respectively in Tavera. "Laquilao" or "Lakilaw" is obviously the proper name, "Man" or "Aman" being an honorific equivalent to "Mister" in English. See note 5, above, for explanation of "Mang" or "Man."

quired in Burnay[14]. He fired at the Spaniards, and when they retaliated, Aman Laquilao[15] was killed, and the other people with him ran away and escaped to a place called San Lucas.[16] leaving the Spaniards without a captive with the exception of a *piyohin* (servant) whom they brought to Lilio.

When the Spaniards came to Lilio, they were five[17] in number who did not want (to use) guns,[18] and were accompanied by 30[19] Sogbojanin[20] who did not want (to use) spears, bows and arrows or shields[21]. The Spaniards however, did not fire their guns nor did they sound their *o-guimbal*.[22] They were met and received well by the people, although Mr. Juan Masolong did not go with them, as he was busy attending to the preparation of their food. On the morning of one (following?) day, the Spaniards went to see the water (river?) and were very much pleased with its current, coolness and clearness. On seeing the idols which the natives considered the image of the ancient peoples, the General ordered them hanged from a coconut tree and had them shot and later burned.[23] The Spaniards also asked who was the God they believed in; Mr. Juan Masolong answered that although they had many gods whom they called Bathala[24] the one they venerated most was *Bathalang Maycapal*[25] (or

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[14] Tavera has the following note on this: "es la unica vez que veo mencionada la existencia de un arcabuz que sería el llamado fusil de Min o Manlakilao. En la isla de Luban, en el pueblo de Kainta, en el fuerte de Manila, a la llegada de los españoles había artillería, es decir, pequeños cañones llamados lantakas por los filipinos. La rareza de un arcabuz en aquellos días lo demuestra la advertencia que hace el autor del relato que fue 'comprado en Bornay.' Se trata, como se comprende, de Borneo. Según un MS., los negritos que habitaban Batangas, fueron expulsados de la costa que ocupaban, por gente de Borneo, por Borneys, que usaban armas de fuego. El buen Minlakilao, poseedor del arcabuz, era indudablemente poco experto en el manejo de su arma con la que, sin duda no hacía ejercicios de tiro, de manera que el arma, en sus manos era poco temible para su adversario." Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 13, note 5. The reference to Laquilao's acquisition of a gun from Borneo suggests the possibility of his antecedent's having come from among the early Bornean settlers led by Datu Puti who arrived in Panay in the 13th century. It was on Datu Puti's return journey to Borneo that he discovered Katal-an river (after the many trees called *tal-an* that grew along its bank), now Taal river in Batangas, where two of his companions, datus Dumangsil and Balensuela, decided to stay behind, and from whose settlement were supposed to have descended the Tagalogs of Southern Luzon. See Carreon, *Maragtas*, trans. from the vernacular version of Pedro A. Monteclaro, being the MS. apparently referred to by Tavera above, (in *Sarawak Museum Journal,* (n.s.), v. 8, no. 10, p. 51-99)

[15] See note 13, above.

[16] Not mentioned in Tavera.

[17] In Tavera, the number given is 50.

[18] Meaning of clause "who did not want guns," literal for "ayao nang baril" does not make sense, although our interpretation is that it has to do with the Spaniards' non-employment of their guns in entering Lilio.

[19] Number not stated in Tavera.

[20] By "Sogbajanin" or "Sigbohanin" (in Tavera) are apparently meant the "Sugboanon" or "Cebuanos," the native recruits who accompanied Legazpi from Cebú or Panay upon transferring his head-

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quarters to Manila. Tavera writes: "Los Sigbohanin, es decir Cebuanos, eran los soldadoes fieles que constituían la especie de guardia de corps de Salcedo, como más tarde los Makabebes pampangos fueron los soldados de confianza de los españoles." Tavera, *op cit.*, p. 14, note 9.

[21] See Note 18, above.

[22] A kind of percussion instrument (?). Probably a drum (as in Tavera).

[23] According to Tavera, this is a general practice by the conquerors followed both in America and the Philippines. The purpose was not only to destroy the idols but to show the natives that their destruction did not cause evil effects such as they believed it did. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 14, note 6. The earliest record of the burning of idols is that of Pigafetta, chronicler of Magellan's voyage of discovery to the Philippines in 1521. Pigafetta reports that when the chief of Cebú indicated his desire to become a Christian, Magellan required that "they must burn their idols and set up a cross in their place." Pigafetta, "First voyage around the world", (in Blair & Robertson, *Philippine Islands*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 157).

[24] Pedro A. Paterno says: "El nombre mas sagrado de la civilización tagalog es el de su Dios: Bathala. See his *Antigua Civilizacion Tagalog* (2a ed., Manila, 1915), p. 31-42, in which he discourses on philological ground the meaning of this word.

[25] This agrees with the observation of Fr. Juan Francisco de San Antonio who, after attributing to the Tagalog the adoption of many idols says: "Pero con todo esso tenían conocimiento de un Dios solo: respecto de que adoraban como Dios Principal y mayor que todos, al que los Bisayas llamaban *Lauon*, que significa antiguo, y los Tagalog *Bathala May Capal*, que quiere decir: Dios Fabri-

God, the Creator, as we know Him now). Then Mr. Juan Salcedo gave Mr. Juan Masolong a golden cross[26] which the former said the latter should keep well as a talisman. Then he (Salcedo) once more ordered the people to gather, show no fear, and have them baptized upon arrival of the priests.

He also asked the captive *piyohin* from Nagcanlang, as to who was the chief of Nagcanlang; the latter replied that Tumalar[27] was chief. General Salcedo sent for Tumalar, and upon the latter's arrival in Lilio, Tayao, father of Mr. Juan Masolong, begged the General not to scold, but to pity and forgive Tumalar. Salcedo pardoned Tumalar accordingly and ordered him as he ordered Mr. Juan Masolong to gather his people and have them baptized upon arrival of the priests. Salcedo then sent him back to Nagcanlang.

On the afternoon of that day, the Spaniards and their companions made preparations to proceed to Mahayhay. The General gave three pesos to Mr. Juan Masolong as payment for what they ate; Tayao returned the amount saying it was not necessary. The Spaniards did not want the money back, and gave it to Mr. Juan Masolong in whose house they had stayed, and who had furnished them with board.

When the Spaniards with their companions left for Mahayhay, they took with them Mr. Juan Masolong and another *maginoó*, whose name was Coyamin (or Cayamin)[28]. When they arrived at the edge of the water[29] they saw many people guarding the main road. They turned back and took another road, which delayed their trip, arriving in Mahayhay towards dawn. The people upon hearing the dis-

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cador Hacedor de todo." San Antonio, *Cronicas,* Tomo I, p. 150; quoted in Paterno, *op. cit.*, p. 32.

[26] Tavera says that the cross compensated for the loss of the idols of the natives, destroyed by the Spaniards. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 14, note 7.

[27] "Yumalar" in Tavera, who says: "El nombre de este personaje llamado antes Gumalar, sería probablemente Tumalar. En Malayo hay muchos nombres que principian con la particula Tuan, señor, pero Tuanlar no me parece tan probable como Tumalar." Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 14, note 8.

[28] "Kayamin" in Tavera; properly "Si Cayamin", i.e. "that Cayamin", "si" being a demonstrative adjective for "that".

[29] "Sa tubig ng olla" in the original. In Tavera this appears as "orilla del rio".

charge of guns and the beating of drums ran away, leaving no one in town save one man whose name was Lirao[30] and a pregnant woman who was with him; both were made captives by the Spaniards.[31]

When daylight came that morning, Mr. Juan Masolong and his companion, Cayamin, were sent home by General Juan Salcedo. When they arrived in the house of Tayao, his father, he found waiting there a *maginoó* from Ilaya whose name was Bansalan[32], and Homanda[33] from Munting Lilio,[34] and Mandiig[35], from Oplis. Talking among themselves, they all agreed to gather all their co-townspeople, and formed their four towns into Malaquing Lilio.[36]

After a few years, the priests sent by our Lord the King arrived from Spain, and the first to serve as priest of Nagcanlang was Father Fr. Thomas de Miranda[37] who was the first to baptize the people of the towns of Lilio and Nagcanlang. From that time on began the spread of the Holy Church for which we should be forever grateful to God who pities us.

Although all the people of Lilio had been baptized no priest stayed here, and it was in Nagcanlang that they heard mass every Sunday and feast days; and when someone became ill it was also there where they brought him; and when anybody, whose illness became worse, died, it was also there where he was buried.

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[30] "Hiraw" in Tavera.

[31] For an account of Salcedo's expedition for the conquest of the towns of Cainta, Taytay and other villages bordering Laguna Bay, see document prepared at the instance of Fr. Antonio Serrano in 1591, printed in *Revista Agustiniana,* Tomo 2, p. 306, the pertinent portion of which is quoted by Pérez (*Catálogo,* p. 10, footnote 1). Cf. Martinez de Zuñiga, *Estadismo* (Retana ed.; Madrid, 1893) vol 1, p. 188.

[32] to [35] "Bansalan" and "Humanda" appears as one person in Tavera; while "Mandiig" is written "Mandig."

[36] "Big Lilio."

[37] "Tomás Deneranda" in Tavera, which he properly identifies as the present. Tavera, *op. cit.,* p. 18, note 10. Fr. Miranda must have arrived in Nagcarlang after 1591, following biographical data of Gómez Platero who credits him for being the first to plant wheat in the town. Gómez Platero, *Catálogo,* p. 41-42.

The town (of Lilio) which was thus formed from the original four *balangai* was, with a few exceptions, peopled by kinsmen. This was Malaquing Lilio already mentioned at the beginning of this account headed by Mr. Juan Masolong; second, that headed by Mr. Andrés Bansalan[38]; third, that of Munting Lilio headed by Pablo Homanda;[39] and fourth, that of Oplis headed by Mr. Diego Mandiig.[40]

When Father Fr. S. Diego Aponte[41] became Guardian[42] of the town of Nagcanlang and the *Hocum*[43] Mr. Juan Bañol[44] arrived, Mr. Juan Masolong, who was the first to befriend the Spaniards and the first to become a Christian, was sent for by the *Hocum* to make him the *Capitán Bansal*[45] of the town of Nagcanlang, but Masolong asked to be excused as he could not leave Lilio. As he had a nephew by the name of Gaspar Cahopa,[46] son of his brother, he asked that the latter be appointed instead, being a good man and in a position to discharge his duties not only toward God but to the Lord our King. The *Hocum* agreed and the nephew was accordingly made the *Capitán Bansal,* the first Tagalog to be chosen *Capitán Bansal* in the jurisdiction of Bay. Hence Mr. Gaspar Cahopa was the first *Capitán Bansal* of Ngcanlang before he was drowned [phrases following were left untranslated, not making sense with the preceding words].

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[38] Appears as "Andrés Barsalan" in Tavera.

[39] In Tavera, written as "Homande (o Humanda)".

[40] As "Mandig" in Tavera. See Note 32 to 35, above.

[41] "Diego Deponte" in Tavera; properly Fr. Diego de Aponte, who died in Manila in 1605. Gómez Platero, *Catálogo,* p. 98.

[42] A prelate of a church or convent.

[43] Properly "Hucom" or "Hukom," meaning "Judge".

[44] Spelt as Banliol in Tavera. Correcting the name in a note, Tavera says Juan Bañol was both Judge and Alcalde Mayor of Laguna, timing the event mentioned as occurring between 1595 to 1599. Tavera, *op. cit.,* p. 14, note 11. See also note 9, above.

[45] Tavera records this as "Capitán Bansag" or "Capitán Bansal" and says in a note that the term was previously applied to the chief of a municipality, who was later called *gobernadorcillo.* Tavera, *op. cit.,* p. 14, note 13. See note 9, above.

[46] "Gaspar Kahopa" in Tavera.

A few years after the people of Lilio had to attend church services in the town of Nagcanlang, they bewailed the distance from the church which, during rainy days, they could not reach since they had to cross many rivers; when somebody fell ill suddenly, he had difficulty in going to holy confession, much less receive communion. And if he went just the same he left behind his property open to many dangers, besides other reasons of great risk to the town.

Hence all the *maginoó* held a council and conferred with the Father Provincial of that time, named Father Fr. Hernando de Moraga,[47] whom they humbly petitioned that a priest be assigned to serve as the *Guardian* of their town. The Father Provincial favored their petition and gave them Father Miguel de San Lucas,[48] and the following year[49] the *Hocum* promised them a *Capitán Bansal,* electing for this purpose Mr. Lucas Pasanpao,[50] son-in-law of Mr. Juan Masolong, who was a handsome man and who knew how to write Spanish and was the amanuensis of many priests at that time.

Years after the town had its own *Guardian* appointed notwithstanding the shortage of available priests, the people because of the continued mercy of God, not only grew in number but learned how to read and write and sing praises to Our Lord, God, and the Holy Virgin. When Father Fr. Pedro de los Santos became *Guardian*, and the *Fiscal Mayor* was Pedro Bangalin, the Father Provincial ordered the removal of Father Fr. Pedro de los Santos and the transfer of the townspeople to Nagcanlang, with their houses lifted and brought there. Thus the *Guardian* of Nagcanlang came to Lilio, and ordered the roofs and walls of the houses to be torn down, and brought to Nagcanlang. The first to go there were Mr. Gaspar Cahopa, Mr. Diego Labonin, and Mr. Gonzalo Mamili,[51] all *maginoó* of Lilio, whose action was resented by the people; they were (later) elected as chiefs of Nagcanlang and (subsequently) identified with other *maginoó* of Nagcanlang.

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[47] In Tavera, "Fernando de Moraga." Fr. Fernando de Moraga, his real name, was "Presidente de Capítulo" in 1616. Gómez Platero, *Catálogo,* p. 83.

[48] Given as "Miguel de S. Luis" in Tavera, which he identifies in a note, however, as the present. He says: "Su verdadero nombre fue Miguel de San Lucas. Su nombramiento no significa que Lilio llego entonces a constituirse en municipio independiente, nombrándose a este misionero para que residiera en el pueblo y facilitara así su administración espiritual. En 1615 salío el P. San Lucas para Molucas y murío ahogado e nel mar de China en donde su buque fue echado a pique por los ingleses." Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 14, note 13, citing Gómez Platero, *Catálogo,* p. 123.

[49] This means in 1607, according to Tavera. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 14, note 14.

[50] As "Lucas Pasakaw" in Tavera.

The *maginoó* and townspeople bewailed greatly the decline in living conditions, inasmuch as the town was left without even a *Father Guardian* to look after it. However, steps were taken by Tayao and his relatives to preserve the land inherited from their father Gat Apya by their descendants here mentioned and to be mentioned at the end of this account. And it was good for them that there were chiefs to lead them, these being the *maginoó* mentioned above, Mr. Juan Masoolng, Mr. Pablo Homanda, Mr. Andrés Bansalan, and Diego Mandiig. These got together and agreed to confer in Manila with the Governor and the Real Audiencia, the Father Provincial then being Father Fr. Diego de Chimson.[52] Those who went to Manila were Mr. Lorenzo Mangayao, Mr. Benito Capono, and Mr. Bartolomé Carail and his wife Mrs. Inés Sera,[53] and others. Of the fifteen pesos spent, ten came from Mr. Juan Masolong[54] and five pesos from Mr. Benito Capono, the other expenses for representation and other *pintakasi* being additional. The *Capitán Bansal* of the town at the time was Mr. Fabian Layonan who had charge of the contributions of the townspeople for the expenses of this conference in the year 1607. Those who helped financially and were in the party are listed at the end of this account, so as not to be forgotten in the future.

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[51] All three names written out as "Gaspar Kahopa," "Diego Labunin," and "Lorenzo Mamile" respectively in Tavera.

[52] In Tavera,, given as "Diego Senon." Fr. Diego de Cinchon, who is apparently meant, headed the Augustinian mission that arrived in the Philippines in August, 1611. He was elected "Ministro Provincial" on 30 August 1616. Gómez Platero, *Catálogo*, p. 168.

[53] Names spelt in Tavera as "Lorenzo Mangayaw," "Benito Kapono," "Bartolomé Karael," and "Inicina."

[54] In Tavera, 10 pesos came from Benito Capono, none stated as coming from Juan Masolong. Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 6, col. 2. In the list at the end of account, however, "Masulong" contributed ₱10.00, and "Benito Kahopa," ₱5.00. *Ibid.*, p. col. 1.

As a result of this conference, they were given a *Provisión Real* which assured that the town of Lilio should have from then on a *Father Guardian,* and the one who filled this position after the conference in Manila was Father Fray Bernardino de San Pascual.[55] End of narative.[56]

No one should underestimate the above account so that others in the future should know it inasmuch as it serves to bring light to them for the proper growth and improvement of good citizenship or the gratification of our Lord God.

The great-great-grandson of the author of this (narrative), Mr. Alejandro Nuestro del Rosario.[57]

(Rubric)

List[58] of those who conferred in Manila including those who contributed but did not leave town in the year 1607:

Mr. Juan Masolong	ten pesos
Mr. Lorenzo Mangayao	
Mr. Francisco Domay	
Mr. Benito Capono	five pesos
Mr. Bartolomé Carail	
Mrs. Inés Sera	

Mr. Fabian Layonan, who was *Capitan Bansal,* father of Mr. Pedro Calenton

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[55] Properly Bernardino Pascual who, according to Gómez Platero, served in Lilio in 1616. Gómez Platero, *Catálogo*, p. 76.

[56] In the Tavera MS, there is a terminal note indicating the same was written on 20 August 1846. As stated in the commentary, the present MS. must have been written about the 18th century, showing it antedates Tavera's by many years.

[57] Not found in Tavera.

[58] The names mentioned here and the order they are given vary slightly from those appearing in Tavera's list. See Tavera, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

The following were those who did not leave the town, but contributed to the trip:

Zacmang and child
Hapona
Manola's mother
Samsam
Francisco Magbolo
Lomayon
Potongis
Magcaus
Sancay

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HISTORICAL AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL FRAGMENTS OF ALBAY PROVINCE

by

GABRIEL F. FABELLA

This article consists of two parts — the first part, historical fragments of Albay, and the second part, its archaeological remains.

The history of Albay province has yet to be written. Albay suffers the fate of practically every other province of this country. With the exception of Bataan, whose history was written by one of its sons, Eulogio B. Rodríguez, late director of the National Library, no other province enjoys the distinction of having a complete written history. This, to my mind, is one of the tragedies of our country today — the absence of written histories of the provinces.

But let us not be dismayed by the lack of a written history for Albay province because in fact a real history of the Philippines has yet to be written also. Many may be surprised at this statement and it may be demurred that there are already hundreds of written histories of the Philippines. There are indeed numberless histories of the Philippines written by foreigners and quite a few by Filipinos. But the trouble with the accounts written by foreigners is that their main focus has been slanted to the glory and doings of the invaders and conquerors, and very little is said about the activities and worth of the Filipino people. Foreign writers, too, have incurably alien viewpoints which necessarily distort their kind of history writing. To my mind, only Filipino balanced scholars, with the necessary psychological roots and a feeling of communion with the native soil and blood of the nation,

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can present a true historical perspective of the Philippines. But even balanced Filipinos must first purge themselves of the affliction of a reflex colonial mentality before they can learn the secret of their difficult mission. As a rule most Filipino history scholars have fallen into the same pitfall of emphasizing only the doings of the Spaniards and Americans.

We should have rewritten the history of the Philippines from 1946 to emphasize the doings of the Filipinos as a nation — their achievements, thoughts, ideals, and aspirations. Teodoro A. Agoncillo and others would insist that Philippine history of the Filipinos did not actually begin till about 1872, the year when the three innocent Filipino priests laid down their lives for the national cause. From this new viewpoint the history of the Philippines is but a recent development which would cover scarcely a hundred years.

We propose to rewrite Philippine history along the lines indicated. It should begin with a more or less detailed account of Filipino culture at the time of the coming of the Europeans in the sixteenth century. From the sources of information written by Spaniards themselves we know that the Filipinos of that century were already civilized as gauged by standards set by the Europeans themselves. The Filipinos had a system of writing, an architectural style of houses and dwellings, a pattern of dress, and an advanced use of ornaments of gold and other precious metals. There was relative political stability, and the people enjoyed "freedom from want," to borrow the modern language of Franklin Roosevelt. Our people of old were happy and contented and, above all, they were free from outside control. Their main weakness was that they did not bother to constitute themselves into a nation. It is then our duty to show in the projected new history how the heterogeneous population of the Philippines became the homogeneous Filipino nation of today. We shall do this by tracing the development of the various factors and influences that contributed to the rise, growth, and formation of *Filipino nationality*.

According to our present plans the Spanish history of the Philippines covering more than three hundred years could be boiled down to three chapters or so, the last of which may be entitled "The Legacy of Spain," or "Our Spanish Heritage." In such a chapter only such legacies as had a direct bearing upon the formation of a Filipino nation shall be given recognition.

Only since 1872 has the history of the Philippines assumed national importance. We should deal with this period in great detail, for it was then that the Filipinos themselves shaped the destiny of their country. Note these great historical sequences: the Propaganda Movement, the Revolution, the American Experiment, and the Republic of the Philippines. That, in a nutshell, is the schema of the content of the New History.

Following the above-stated plan for the writing of the New Philippine History, the history of Albay province need not be a very long narrative. After a preliminary background as indicated, the Albay history might start with the Propaganda Movement which, according to James A. LeRoy, was the first tangible manifestation of the growing *spirit of nationalism* among the Filipinos. In that Movement many Bicolanos played a prominent part, notable among whom were José María Panganiban[1] and Tomás Aréjola. Tomás Aréjola, who was most active in the Spanish-Filipino Association, was more fortunate than Pepe Panganiban who died while he was study-in Spain. Aréjola had survived to carve a greater name for himself as a prominent member of the First Philippine Assembly.

And this reminds me, incidentally, that the province of Albay is not exactly without a written history. Two of her sons, Mariano Goyena del Prado and Elías M. Ataviado, have taken the initiative of reconstructing even in fragmentary forms the history of the province of Albay. Goyena wrote a historical monograph entitled *Ibalon,* which was published in 1940; Ataviado wrote *Lucha y Libertad,* the first volume of which appeared in 1938 and the second in 1941. When it is finished, *Lucha y Libertad* will be in four volumes, the last two being now in process of preparation. A few words might be in order about these two students of history.

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[1] In a few days the remains of that genius, José Ma. Panganiban, recently brought back home from Spain will be honored in Manila with fitting ceremonies.

Of Mariano Goyena del Prado, Juan Bautista Goitia thinks that "in addition to being a patriot the author of *Ibalon* has transformed himself into a hero." Goitia continues:[1]

> The author of *Ibalon* deserves the greatest praise for having initiated this work which is almost unknown in provincial towns. May others emulate him! In other countries, the smallest towns have their historians or chroniclers. In our country, there are very few towns that can count with one. It is indeed the good fortune of Legazpi and the province of Albay to be able to count with a chronicler of its own in the person of Don Mariano Goyena del Prado.

This writer need only to add a few words to those of Juan Bautista Goitia. He has read Goyena's book *Ibalon* from cover to cover and he is amazed at the amount of information its author had gathered from the volumes of unrelated treatises and accounts. I may say that the author consulted practically every source of information available on the subject, with the possible exception of the untouched documents at the National Archives.

The great advantage of Mr. Goyena is his mastery of the Spanish language. Knowledge of the Spanish language, by the way, is one of the most important qualifications of the would-be researcher on Philippine history. And here is where the present controversial law on the Spanish language comes in. I am one of those who believe that the blanket requirement of twenty-four units for all students for graduation in liberal arts, commerce, education, law, *etc.* is too sweeping, unjust, and unintelligent, and accordingly I have been outspoken against it. But for a special group of history majors, that is, for earnest students of history, and by this I mean those who have ambitions to become historians, twenty-four units of Spanish might not even be adequate. A mastery of the Spanish language is indispensable to a would-be historian in the Philippines. Mr. Goyena happily possesses this qualification, and more. He has a lucid style and knowledge of the subtleties of the language that would bid fair to make him a literary historian. His genuine interest in the past of his country and of his province, including its culture, makes him an outstanding authority on things *Bikolnon.* He is one individual whom the government should encourage and financially subsidize in order that he can devote the remaining years of his life to the preservation of our cultural heritage through his writings. To my mind, there are not very many Mariano Goyena del Prado in this country today.

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[1] Preface to *Ibalon*.

Writing to Elías M. Ataviado, another *Albayano,* the author of *Lucha y Libertad* which we have already mentioned, Teodoro M. Kalaw, late director of the National Library said:

> " . . . you have complied with your duty as a Filipino in writing the part which your beloved region played in the great undertaking of the Filipinos to achieve their liberty. The enterprise was the work of all and not of any in particular. Tagalogs and Bikolanos, Ilokanos and Visayans, Christians and non-Christians: in fine, Filipinos of all classes, contributed to it to the full measure of their capacities.
>
> The fact is that, as so little has been written concerning this matter, an infinity of events and incidents have been forgotten, which if unveiled in the clear light of day, would speak of deeds of heroism and of grandeur that up to the present time have been entombed in oblivion and would reveal the priceless contribution of the humble and the lowly to the common enterprise. I consider this work (*Lucha y Libertad*) of yours as a worthy example..."[1]

Mr. Ataviado's *Lucha y Libertad* (first volume) has been translated into English, *The Philippine Revolution in the Bicol Region* and was published in 1953. It has the advantage of being presented in the traditional historic form with a chronology. When completed, the work will cover the four periods of the Philippine Revolution into which the author divides the libertarian movement.

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[1] Letter of T. M. Kalaw appearing in preface of *Lucha y Libertad.*

The historical account by Mariano Goyena del Prado is about the most complete and functional that there is in existence so far. He has traveled widely, and I am quite positive that when he was in Spain he tried his best to examine all accessible records, including the archives of Seville and Simancas. For a general account of this province, therefore, Mr. Goyena's work occupies unquestioned eminence. However, for a specific treatment of the Philippine Revolution in the Bicol region, Mr. Ataviado's *Lucha y Libertad* promises to be most complete.

I have tried in vain to find more important source materials on the history of Albay at the University of the Philippines Library as well as at the Bureau of Public Libraries. The only other historical account of the province (aside from Mariano Goyena's and Elías M. Ataviado's) is in the Philippine Census of 1918, but it is too brief, and therefore very inadequate as a historical treatment. It is very likely that the millions of documents deposited at the National Archives may yield important facts about this province. Until such documents have been sorted out, catalogued, and classified, it is almost a fruitless effort to keep on hunting in that Archives jungle now untended at the University of the Philippines Library building. Perhaps, our friend, Mariano Goyena del Prado, can help us unearth the hidden arcana in the invaluable collection.

I have tried to show that for the present it may not be impossible to write a connected story of Albay province. Perhaps, highlights of the history of the Bicol region, formerly known as "Tierra de Ibalon", and particularly of Albay may be attempted on such broad lines as follows:

(1) The Bicol region (Ibalon) was, in point of time, among the very first portions of Luzon to be conquered by the Spaniards. Even as early as 1569 Luis Enriquez de Guzman accompanied by an Augustinian friar, Alonso Gimenez, made the first Spanish and Christian settlement on the island of Luzon. In July 1573 Juan de Salcedo founded the Villa Santiago de Libong. Many other Spanish settlements followed one after another. This settlement does not in any way disparage the valor and fighting quality of the Bikolnons. As a matter of fact, they had fought the Spaniards and later the

Americans with bulldog tenacity. The records say that they would not surrender unless actually overpowered by the enemy.

(2) In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Bicol region was repeatedly attacked by Mohammedan pirates from Sulu and Mindanaw. But as always, the Bikolnons generally succeeded in driving away the pillagers from their shores. In one particular year (1774) some two hundred pirates lost their ears to the Bikolnon defenders. (The custom of warfare then was to cut off the ears of captured and defeated enemies).

(3) In the first half of the nineteenth century one of the outstanding administrators of the province of Albay was a Spanish military engineer, José Ma. Peñaranda, who built roads, bridges, and public buildings, and encouraged agriculture. His administration made Albay prosperous. The opening of the port of Legazpi to world commerce added to the prosperity of the Bicol region.

(4) Political divisions in Ibalon (now Camarines Norte, Camarines Sur, Albay, and Sorsogon) characterized the history of the region.

(5) The Bicol region played an important rôle during the Philippine Revolution. Elías M. Ataviado's *Lucha y Libertad* has immortalized that episode of its history. Generals Ignacio Pawa and Vito Velarmino were sent by the central government of Aguinaldo to carry out the objectives of the Revolution. General Vicente Lukban, aided by many local leaders, also played an important rôle during the Revolutionary Era.

Since 1901 the Bicol region has been well represented in the national government. Department secretaries, Mariano Garchitorna, José S. Reyes; Senators Vicente Madrigal, Juan B. Alegre, José O. Vera, Carlos Imperial, and Domingo Imperial; the last three of these became prominent members of the judiciary; former Senator José Fuentebella, now ambassador to Indonesia; Senators Edmundo Cea and Pedro Sabido are prominent members of the upper chamber of Congress; the lone woman senator, Pacita Madrigal Gonzalez, is from the Bikol region.*

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* And the lone congresswoman, the brilliant lawyer Tecla San Andrés Ziga is from Albay. (*Editor.*)

(7) The last but not the least, is the achievement of the University of the Philippines Alumni Chapter of Albay, probably the most active among the University of the Philippines chapters in the country. By sponsoring a science symposium in this part of the country it has helped to focus the atttention of the people upon the imperative need of the study of science today.

These are some of the things, fragmentary as they are, that constitute the historical wealth of the province of Albay, its great past, the character of its people, its geographical setting that played an important rôle in moulding the destiny of the region. If the past is a measure of the future and a base of the present, I venture to say that the history of Albay will continue to be glorious.

Now, on the matter of archaeology of Albay province. This, of course, has reference to the ruins in the vicinity of Mt. Mayon, historically and properly called MAYONG, according to Goyena, and particularly has reference especially to the ruins of Cagsawa, where the belfry has been preserved almost intact so that the Japanese, I understand, once utilized the edifice by mounting in it their small artillery. A marker by the Historical Committee has been placed on that very interesting relic of the past.

Incidentally, some three months ago, when I came with two American members of the U. P. survey team, Vice President Antonio Isidro told us of his having invited H. Otley Beyer, Emeritus Professor of Anthropology, to join his group and see the ruins of Cagsawa. Professor Beyer demurred, saying that "the Cagsaua ruins date back only to 1814, and that is too recent for me. I am interested in remains of several thousand years of age." And so Dr. Isidro invited me, instead, to join him, hoping that, together, we might evolve ways and means of utilizing to educational advantage the famous ruins that boys and girls of school age and adults and tourists now visit.

The Cagsawa ruins can serve three objectives: (1) to remind the younger generation of the religious faith of their fathers; (2) to awaken in the hearts of the young people gratitude to their ancestors who suffered much hardship during the time when they were forced under the lash of the whip to build roads, bridges, churches, and convents for their Spanish masters; and (3) to develop the ruins as a tourist spot, supplementing the incomparable scenic beauty in the vicinity of Mayon Volcano and as a reminder that, like Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D. which brought havoc and destruction to the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, Mayon had had a number of eruptions that buried several places within its immediate environs. But for whatever purpose, I believe that Cagsaua can be made into a shrine properly cared for by some organization or group, as in Europe and America. And there must be someone who should at all times be ready at hand to narrate to the tourists or visitors its historical past, a reliable description of the eruption of Mt. Mayong on 1 February 1814.

I, for one, have never been in favor of blind imitation of foreign ideas and ways, but there are a good many things that we might adopt from America. One of these is the way the Americans take good care of their historic relics and monuments, like the Washington Memorial at the nation's capital. As one is hoisted by the elevator to the highest point commanding the beautiful panorama of the surrounding country, the story of the building is told by a tape-recorder calculated to end when the elevator stops. In the battleground at Gettysburg (Pennsylvania), at Bull Run (Virginia), and at practically every historic site, there are people employed to narrate history—there are civic associations and societies that support and maintain the historic monuments and relics. We can do the same for Cagsaua ruins which still stand as a mute witness to the most destructive eruption recorded in the annals of this country.

One big puzzle that confronts the would-be writer of the great eruption is the conflicting testimonies about it. The layman could be misled into believing what might never have happened. And this brings us to the difficulties of writing history and the historical method. Contrary to common belief, historical science is one of the most difficult of the sciences. The postulates of mathematics do not vary; experiments in botany, zoology, and other natural sciences are expected to produce the same results given the same conditions. This is not so in history, for history deals with the testimonies of the human being, the most unpredictable creature that there is. No two individuals can describe the same event exactly alike, and the account of the great eruption of 1814 has been rendered in different versions. Read this testimony of the parish priest of Guinubatan:

> "Repeated earthquakes took place the night before, and they continued during the morning of the first. There was then a stronger shock, and at the same moment a cloud of smoke rose from the mouth of the volcano. The cloud rose in the form of a pyramid and then assumed a feathery appearance which was very beautiful. As the sun was shining, the phenomenon presented varied colors. The top was black, the center took on various colors, while the sides and the lower part appear in ashy tint. While we were watching thus, we felt a strong earthquake which was followed by loud noises and rumblings. The volcano then continued to vomit forth lava and the cloud extended till it darkened the whole district and the sparks and flashes seemed to come from the ground and from the cloud, so that the whole presented the appearance of a most terrible storm. There followed almost immediately a rain of large, hot stones, which broke and burnt whatever they touched. A little later smaller stones and ashes were thrown out for more than 3 hours. The towns of Camalig, Cagsaua, and Budiao were entirely destroyed and the towns of Albay, Guinobatan, and Buluan but partly destroyed because the eruption was not on that side of the mountain and also because the wind was from the south.[1]

The testimony of the volcanologist, Leopoldo R. Faustino, is of similar tenor, with some variations. The findings of the Commission on Volcanology, however are entirely different. They believe that the destruction of Cagsaua, Camalig, and Budiao could not have taken place on the same day as that of the great eruption; it may have occurred several days after; that it was not lava that destroyed the towns but rather ashes, *etc.* There are no evidences of lava flows but only of big boulders of stone that were exploded from the crater of the volcano. Unlike the volcanoes of Hawaii and even Mt. Vesuvius, the lava flows from Mayong are very slow, and such lava flows could not have killed at once 1,200 people since the slow movement of the lava would have given opportunity for people to get away. These findings of the commission are corroborated by people whose great grandmothers were victims of the eruption.

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[1] See radio lecture by the writer, Station DZFM, 18 August 1956, published in *The Philippine Collegian,* 22 August 1956.

It may be seen, therefore, how unreliable sometimes are human observations and testimonies. The historians, or rather the students of history, must make deductions from the mass of conflicting testimonies and it is at times difficult to determine which testimonies to believe. It is like being a judge who pronounces judgments after hearing the conflicting evidences presented. Perhaps it may be advisable for any would-be historian to take a course on Evidence in the College of Law.

Just a few more words on the historian. What is a historian? There is a common belief that one who memorizes dates, events, and personages in history, is a historian. Nothing could be farther from the truth. One may have read five hundred books, perhaps a thousand books, on history; and yet he may not be a historian in the true sense of the word. He becomes a historian only after having undergone a thorough training in historiography, after having delved into the records, preferably the primary sources of history, and after having actually written an authoritative and recognized book or books based on the ultimate sources. Measured by this yardstick, I must in all frankness say that perhaps there are only two or three historians living today. All the rest are probably amateurs or impostors. Most of us are mere teachers; maybe professors of history, yes, but not necessarily historians. The abler ones among us may hope someday to attain that high honor of being called "historian."

Writing history, therefore, is not an easy task. That is why writing a true account of the eruption of Mt. Mayong in 1814 is so difficult. Only the barest facts of that eruption can be given. But there may be one way of giving an account of that eruption with all the color and life worthy of the best imagination, that is by glamorizing it and treating it in fictional form. One could write a novel (fiction) and title it, *The Last Days of Cagsaua,* like Bulwar Lytton's *The Last Days of Pom-*

Ambeth Ocampo

peii. Legazpi has at least one man who could write that book, He is a nationally known poet and writer with a fertile imagination, a recipient of so many prizes and awards, Bienvenido N. Santos, president of the Legazpi College.

The Bicol region is very rich in zoological specimens as well as in beautiful landscapes. The zoologist, Dr. Justo de la Paz, asks us to be science-minded and we really should be. Let me add to that appeal to be not only history-minded but also historiography-minded. And that, also, is strictly being science-minded indeed. In China there were official chroniclers at the emperor's court. In Albay, as pointed out, there are two such chroniclers. But these two have developed special aptitudes in spite of the lack of written accounts of Albay province. In fact, that very lack inspired them to write the accounts themselves. That is first-class demonstration of imagination, resourcefulness, and talent.

We could all be historically and historiographically-minded by being careful in keeping our records, like the records of birth; marriage; death, acquisitions of property, real or personal; appointments or elections to office; or even records of class honors at college, diplomas, and awards. We must cultivate the habit of preserving important documents which some day might serve to enlighten some obscure points in our history. This training can be started even in the early years of schooling by boys and girls, for there is no telling that some of them may become great men and women. Most of them may not become actually famous and great. Just the same, they and the rest of our people will have become historically and historiographically minded, and then, perhaps, someday, the Philippines, like China, could become the "paradise of historians."

DOCUMENTO

NUESTROS CINCO ULTIMOS DIAS BAJO EL YUGO NIPON
DIARIO DE

MARÍA PAZ ZAMORA DE MASCUÑANA

Jueves—8 de Febrero 1945

Unos dentro del refugio y otros debajo de la escalera, anoche, miércoles 7, la pasamos desvelados por los cañonazos y las explosiones, y en el amanecer de hoy, al reanudar con más violencia el duelo de artillería, nos hemos preguntado llenos de esperanza y de ansiedad, "¿Serán los Americanos que al fin vienen a libertarnos?"

Según telefonemas, éstos han entrado en la Universidad de Santo Tomás, Bilibid y Malacañang en la tarde del día 3, pero al día siguiente, como ducha de agua fría que apagó nuestro entusiasmo, las noticias más contradictorias han circulado haciendo del Sur de Manila un hervidero de conjeturas:

"Decían que anoche iban a cruzar los puentes; pero no lo han hecho, ¿qué esperan?"

"¿Cómo van a venir? ¿No sabéis que se han retirado otra vez a Lingayen llevándose a los concentrados?"

"¡Qué va! Eres peor que los cocheros dando *balitas.* Son los *japs* los que se están retirando a los montes."

"No, señor, son los *Canús....*"

Cada buena nueva; ¡con que alborozo es recibida y con cuánto desaliento escuchamos a los que van en contra de nuestros anhelos! y no hay manera de comprobar su veracidad, es imposible cruzar los puentes y las líneas telefónicas han dejado de funcionar desde al día 4 muy temprano... y así, día tras día, nosotros los del Sur esperando la liberación, preocupados y llenos de incertidumbre sin saber a ciencia cierta nada de lo que ocurre en el Norte.

Notamos, eso sí, que los japoneses son más estrictos, más desconfiados y sobre todo más déspotas, pasan y repasan patrullas de *marines* hoscos, fieros, con la mirada malévola y cruel. Han enterrado a flor de tierra minas terrestres en las esquinas, y apostado centinelas con la bayoneta calada en las bocalles, registran a los transeúntes, abofeteando a todo aquél que no dobla el espinazo al ángulo requerido por ellos, pateando paquetes y envoltorios que no se abrían con la prontitud deseada e inclusive haciendo pasar indignidades a las indefensas mujeres....

¿Qué hacen los americanos que no llegan? es nuestra pregunta constante con los nervios y la indignación a punto de estallar, a cada

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Notable escritora filipina en español Doña María Paz Zamora de Mascuñana es la autora de *Mi Obolo* (Manila, 1924), una colección de cuentos filipinos singularmente interesantes.

nuevo ultraje, a cada nueva afrenta, y para no presenciar ésto decenas de veces al día, pues el edificio vecino al nuestro es el cuartel japonés en la calle del P. Faura, asqueados y doloridos, hemos decidido condenar todas las ventanas que dan a la calle.

Pasan vecinos de los alrededores de la Tabacalera, Meralco y Manila Gas que han recibido órdenes de desalojar sus viviendas, porque los japoneses van a volar aquellos grandes edificios, también pasan heridos conducidos por sus familiares al Hospital General y a todos se les "cachea", todo se registra....

De día y de noche las explosiones se suceden, son las cajas de dinamita disfrazadas con la Cruz Roja que los japoneses han colocado en los sótanos de los edificios de concreto de los distritos comerciales y a lo largo de los puentes. Y días tras días las llamaradas del incendio iluminan la negrura de nuestras noches y encapotan con densas humaredas nuestros días....

El cuartel de la calle del P. Faura tiene actividades de colmena, ante su escalinata de marmol han levantado trincheras de un valor fabuloso, están construídas con sacos de arroz blanco de primera clase que ahora se cotiza a 750 pesos la ganta, azúcar refinado que se vende a 900 pesos el kilo, soya y trigo y nosotros los vecinos nos vemos precisados a vender hasta nuestras ropas para que no les falte arroz negro y azúcar de ínfima calidad a nuestros pequeños.

Casi a diario los *marines* salen en grupos después de oir la violenta arenga con que sus jefes les despiden, y detrás de las persianas oigo los estridentes gritos y *banzais,* sintiendo no comprender su jerigonza para saber algo de verdad de los que están tramando y también de lo que está pasando en el Norte....

Bien armados grupos están subiendo de casa en casa buscando armas y dinero filipino y americano, y pasando un dedo alrededor de la garganta, nos amenazan con el deguello si ocultamos uno u otro, y ni pistolas de juguete se han librado y hasta las míseras alcancías de los niños con su puñado de calderillas no se pudieron salvar de la rapiña....

Las explosiones se hacen más frecuentas y más próximas, ¿qué nos reservas, día 8 de Febrero, que amaneces con tanto estruendo?

Tenemos preparados algunos sacos con viejas ropas, conservas en lata y algo de arroz, para cargar con ellos a modo de alforjas cuando precise correr de un lado a otro.... Encerramos las mejores ropas, las cosas de más valor en baules y armarios y estos en las habitaciones bajo llave, pues ¿no decían que lo más temible era la lucha callejera y que no debíamos abandonar sino en el último extremo nuestras casas y nuestros refugios?

Todo lo más valioso se ha quedado encerrado bajo llave para librarles del robo y del pillaje; y por si tuvieramos que permanecer largo tiempo en el refugio, allá se ha llevado cojines y colchas, medicinas, agua embotellada, provisiones de boca etc.... y arriba esperando el momento de bajar nos encomendamos a la infinita misericordia del Sumo Hacedor....

Bang!..... *Whi* .... *i* ...... *i* ...... *iz* ...... Bang!

¡Qué explosión Vírgen Santa! Seguido de un estruendo de cristales rotos un explosivo cae muy cerca de la casa de enfrente, sus fragmentos como bolas de fuego ruedan sobre el asfalto de la calle llenando la atmósfera de humo asfixiante; los vecinos unen sus esfuerzos para apagar el fuego que comienza a devorar la puerta de la casa y gracias a Dios, el peligro está pronto conjurado....

¿Y qué hace la soldadesca japonesa que no ayuda a la extinción del fuego? Al oir el estallido, la guarnición atrincherada tras los sacos de provisiones, sale despavorida en dirección contraria a la del incendio. ¿Qué les pasa? En los altos aún quedan algunos que cubiertos con máscaras anti-gases salen y entran en las habitaciones incendiadas. ¿Estarán apagando otro incendio? Pero ninguna bomba incendiaria, ningún fragmento de explosivo ha caído allí. De otra manera le explosión hubiera hecho saltar los cristales de sus ventanas que están intactas como las nuestras....

La sorpresa y el horror me tienen clavada en la ventana...las llamas no se apagan, al contrario...óyese pronto el erepitar furioso del fuego, que crece y se agiganta....

"¡Fuego! ¡fuego! ¡Los japoneses han incendiado su cuartel!" gritan los transeúntes. En un momento, el interior de la hermosa residencia se ha convertido en una enorme hoguera, lenguas de fuego vomitan sus ventanas, y el calor desde la casa se hace asfixiante....

¡Todo! abajo! ... ¡el fuego se nos viene encima! ¡Ay! No contábamos con esta nueva fase de la crueldad japonesa. ¡Incendiar viviendas antes que lo desalojen sus habitantes! ¡Mi dulce hogar! ¡mi querida casita tan llena de recuerdos de padres y abuelos!... ¡tengo que abandonarte!.... Por un momento pierdo la cabeza. ¿Qué salvar del fuego cada vez más próximo? ¿Mis libros?....¿mis cuadros y esculturas? ¿mis muebles de generaciones pasadas, mis lindos *bibelots* venidos de tan lejanos rincones del mundo y con cuanto cariño guardados?....

Las voces cada vez más apremiantes de los míos me hacen reaccionar...y tengo que bajar... ¡adiós casita!... ¡Adiós objetos tal vez sin valor para otros pero para mí tesoros de precio incalculable!...Siento vehementes deseos de verlos, tocarlos por última vez, gozar de su presencia por un minuto, sólo un minuto ¡Señor! antes de abandonarlos, pero el incendio cuyo hálito candente siento muy de cerca y que ya tiene rugidos de huracán, no me permite buscar llaves, abrir habitaciones, vaciar arcas y armarios.... No hay tiempo más que para bajar de prisa.... y tengo que abandonar mis tesoros a la voracidad del fuego....

Ya estamos a salvo.... hasta Lady está aqui demostrando su terror con fuertes aullidos..'.¿pero dónde se ha metido Lee Tong? El chinito trata de salvar hasta el último pedazo de ropa que posee y ha vuelto a la casa que ya comienza a arder, luego aparece el último de todos, cargado de paquetes, y con el rostro contraído, los ojos como dos arroyos, me dice sollozando "¡Señora! ¡Señora! ¡hemos perdido todo! ¡Ya no tenemos casa! Y yo le contesto crispadas las manos pero con los ojos secos "No llores tonto, qué importa la casa, qué importa su contenido. Estamos con vida y los americanos ya están cerca."

Nos hemos refugiado en nuestra antigua residencia de la calle de Colorado, nombre que los japoneses no han cambiado creyendo los muy ignorantes que se trata de un color y no del nombre de uno de los Estados de Norte America. La casa hace poco desocupada por otra guarnición de *marines* está sin muebles, sin servicio de luz, sin agua, sin refugio, sin pozo, pero como el piso bajo tiene muros gruesos de concreto, nos metimos en ella y con nosotros todos los vecinos cuyas casas el incendio amenaza; se va llenando todo el primer piso, hasta el *garage* y el patio, pero ninguno se atreve a subir a los altos per temor a la metralla y a las balas que atraviesan como si se tratara de planchas de cartón, el techo galvanizado.

Como medida de precaución los hombres han abierto brechas en los muros que separan las propiedades vecinas y en caso necesario nos será posible llegar a la calle de Oregon sin salir de los solares. Los japoneses han prohibido salir de ellos o atravesar las calles de esta manzana, bajo pena de muerte, y pronto, como prueba de que no amenazan en vano, van llegando entre los refugiados, heridos con balazos en la espalda o en las piernas por desobedecer la consigna japonesa.

El fuego no amaina su marcha destructora, va devorando todo a su paso; en un momento 10 edificios grandes se han convertido en pavesas, la casa de mi hermana que hace esquina con P. Faura y Pennsylvania y que creíamos salvada, corre la misma suerte de las otras, tambores de gasolina que los japoneses han almacenado en ella revientan al arder las casas vecinas, hacia Gral. Luna en el alero de la casa de mi hermano sale humo, pero gracias a los esfuerzos de sus dueños y vecinos se evita que el fuego corra hácia aquella dirección. El servicio de aguas no funciona desde la explosión de los puentes que ha destrozado las grandes cañerías que surten de agua todo el sur de la ciudad y tenemos que usar agua de los pozos para apagar los conatos de incendio.

Las chispas caen muy cerca de las minas terrestres de esta bocacalle y si una prende fuego volaremos todos sin remedio...dejamos pues, la casa en peligro y nos metemos dos solares más adentro, en el jardín del juez del Rosario y más tarde cuando se reanuda el bombardeo y comienza a caer una lluvia fuerte, la multitud no ha tenido mas remedio que refugiarse en el piso bajo; pero no por much tiempo, otra casa vecina empieza a arder y todos incluyendo el juez tenemos que huir otra vez con nuestros bártulos a cuestas.

Personas que han tratado de salir por las calles de San Marcelino, Oregon, Gral. Luna o Ave. Taft han sido obligadas a retroceder y como el chaparrón ha apagado al incendio que amenazaba las minas terrestres de la calle de Colorado, volvemos allá por segunda vez, mientras que los vecinos cuyas casas aún están en pie han vuelto a ellos creyéndolas ya libres de todo peligro.

Se han formado grupos, unos adosados en las paredes y tabiques, los otros sentados en las gradillas de la escalera o sobre el duro suelo. Somos tantos que por la noche no han podido acostarse muchos; las mamás tienen a sus pequeñuelos en brazos o recostados sobre su regazo, pero hemos encontrado jergones de paja que los *marines* han dejado atrás y sobre ellos hemos tendido a los heridos al abrigo de los muros, lejos de ventanas y puertas que pueden saltar al reventar una bomba.

Nos han prohibido encender fuego al aire libre: la cocina está repleta de gente y no es posible cocinar en ella, pero dentro del *garage* y debajo de la azotea se han improvisado fogones con piedras, se ha sacado agua del pozo de don Manuel (el juez) y usando latas de conserva vacías como platos y vasos, con los dedos a guisa de cubiertos hemos cenado antes de cerrar la noche, pues no tenemos ni una vela ni una mala lamparilla de aceite para alumbrarnos.

Después de rezar el rosario, nuestro grupo, exhausto de fatiga y rendido por tantas emociones, ha tratado de dormir adosado a los sacos de ropa y provisiones; pero, con poco éxito; todo el horizonte está iluminado por el fulgor lejano del incendio que devora los distritos de Malate y Ermita y el temor y la incertidumbre sobre la suerte y el paradero de parientes y amigos que residen en aquellos distritos, alejan el sueño de nuestros párpados.

Viernes—9 de Febrero.

San Marcelino también está ardiendo, han llegado más refugiados cargados con su equipaje, niños, perros, gallinas hasta 2 cerditos.

Nos han prohibido terminantemente hacer ruido o hablar alto; pero ¿cómo acallar a tanta criatura que aún en brazos de sus madres comparte nuestro sobresalto, a tanta gente con los nervios de punta, tanto bicho sobreexcitado?

La ocasión es propicia para practicar obras de caridad y de misericordia; hay heridos que curar, bocas hambrientas que en 24 horas no han probado alimento y quién sabe si muy pronto hasta muertos que enterrar.... No sobra comida pero se hace lo que se puede, gracias a Dios hay un buen botiquín a mano, algo de arroz y mucha buena voluntad....

Más tranquilos hemos pasado la tarde, no porque los cañonazos sean menos frecuentes ni más lejanos, si no tal vez porque nuestros nervios ya van acostumbrándose a ellos y al espectáculo de heridas sangrientas... Con frecuencia oimos tiros aislados o el rat-tat-tat-tat de una ametralladora, son las patrullas que cazan a los transeúntes o los *snipers* que desde las ramas frondosas de los árboles circundantes o agazapados tras las ruinas aún humeantes de los contornos nos recuerdan que estamos bien vigilados o que no guardamos la quietud o el silencio que nos han impuesto.....

Después de cenar, un explosivo ha caído a pocos metros de distancia de la cocina, felizmente se han quedado enterrado en un gran montículo de tierra fofa y mojada y al hacer explosión no ha causado mas daños que el echar abajo persianas, romper cristales y darnos un buen baño de barro....

Sabado—10 de Febrero.

Varios grupos se han separado de nosotros y con razón. No ha sido posible para muchos coger el sueño acurrucados sin espacio para extender las piernas; y desvelados, no solamente por tan incómoda posición sino también por el continuo lloriqueo de los pequeños y el ladrido de los perros; el recuerdo además de la explosión de anoche no es nada tranquilizador y yo misma me pregunto si la bomba hubiera caído sobre la casa ¿como la hubiéramos desalojado pronto y en orden?

Dos de mis hermanos con sus familiares se han trasladado a las casas vecinas que no están tan abarrotadas como ésta, y la de Don Manuel, que un repentino cambio en la dirección del viento ha salvado del fuego ante ayer, cuenta además con un buen *shelter*, refugio protector que aquí no tenemos.

Muchas casas de la parte Sur de Gral. Luna y San Marcelino ya no existen, y muchos refugiados han venido a engrosar nuestro grupo, estamos que no podemos ya ni movernos, pero, ¿como negar la entrada a tanta gente que llega despavorida o muda de espanto, a tantos desgraciados que cuentan entre sollozos que han tenido que abandonar en sus casas incendiadas al padre o al esposo muerto por la metralla o por un balazo?

Don Manuel ha venido a invitarnos a echar una siestacita en su casa; hay según él 8 camas a la disposición de los amigos, y sillones y butacas para desentumecer nuestros cuerpos; hace 2 noches que dorminos en posiciones inverosímiles y la invitación es sumamente tentadora.

Una granada de mortero ha penetrado en los altos de la casa y ¡qué trayectoria tan curiosa ha seguido! Haciendo un semicírculo, ha atravesado tabiques gruesos de madera, terminando por causar destrozos en el baño.

La situación está volviéndose muy seria; la muerte nos está rondando muy de cerca, y hay que tomar precauciones; afuera de la casa se han llevado los equipajes y se ha colocado en órden a las personas para tener libre de estorbos las cuatro salidas de la casa y evitar en lo posible el peligro de un *stampede* en caso de alarma.

En el jardín de Don Manuel se va a enterrar a un vecino español que la metralla había matado ayer, la viuda e hija están en casa; y para complacer a la primera que quiere tener el reloj y el anillo del difunto voy allá para trasmitir su encargo a los enterradores; Ricardo que parece estar decidido a aceptar la amable invitación de pasar la siesta cómodamente, viene conmigo: pero los nervios no le permiten permanecer quieto en ningún sitio y quién sabe también si es el alma de sus viejos que en aquella hora trágica vela por él, la que le inspira a marcharse a los cinco minutos en dirección a nuestra casa, a pesar de su cansancio y de la metralla que cae como granizo....

Yo me he quedado atrás tentada por tan cómodos sillones; pero al reanudar el bombardeo mi hermana con su hija, nieta y yernos, el matrimonio Zaragoza y yo, nos metimos debajo de la gruesa mesa comedor de Don Manuel, mientras que éste, su hijo Manoling, el Sr. Rojo con sus dos hijos Joaquín y Luis, Paco Marin y su esposa y los criados se refugiaban en el *shelter.*

Y todavia me acuerdo de la exclamación del pobre Zaragoza al meterse debajo de la mesa "!Ay! ¡que difícil es a nuestra edad hacer estas contorciones!" A lo que contesté medio en broma "Paciencia, Ramón!" ¡Son las últimas genuflexiones que tenemos que hacer a ese animal de Hirohito!"

De repente óyense tiros y gritos en el solar vecino; amedrantada dejo mi escondite y acercándome a la ventana trato de ver lo que pasa, un grupo de japoneses armados está subiendo en el *garage* del coronel Telesforo Martinez.... "Me voy," digo a mis compañeros," estarán alborotando en casa del coronel y tal vez para amedrantarles los japoneses están pegando tiros, voy a avisar a los de casa para que se estén quietos," y me marché corriendo, encargué de paso a los que ocupaban nuestro *garage* que no hicieran ruído e hice la misma advertencia a mis compañeros de casa. Al cabo de un rato uno de los de abajo me busca y me dice—"Ya se han marchado los japs, han pasado por aquí repartiendo bolas de arroz.... *Mababait naman*".

¿Quién es capaz de descifrar o de comprender este rasgo anormal de la mentalidad japonesa? Mientras que a nuestros refugiados regalaban arroz, en el solar vecino acababan de cometer el más inicuo de los crímenes; el fusilamiento de una docena de hombres inocentes e indefensos. Sin oir razones, ni dar más explicaciones que las palabras "Guerriya," "Guerriya" metieron a las mujeras en el refugio, secaron a todos los hombres que encontraron dentro y fuera de la casa y en el solar de los Martinez adosados al muro, de cara al enemigo, en un abrir y cerrar de ojos, jóvenes y viejos, amos y criados todos cayeron barridos por la ametralladora....

Mas no todas cayeron muertos a Dios gracias, las heridas que recibieron Ernesto Lagdameo y Juan La O, aunque horrendas no fueron mortales, ningún hueso, ningún órgano importante quedó afectado, y por ellos nos hemos enterado de la carnicería cuando casi gateando primero y ayudado por los otros sobrinos después, llegaron hasta nosotros, tintos de sangre y desfallecidos.

Sacamos a las llorosas mujeres del *shelter* y con ellas nos fuímos a buscar a las otras víctimas, ¡que horroroso y espeluznante espectáculo nos esperaba en el solar vecino! En primer término Ramón Zaragoza con la cabeza destrozada y luego en fila los criados, Don Manuel Vivencio del Rosario y su hijo Manoling, los chicos Rojo y su anciano padre, el Coronel Martinez y su hijo, Paco Marin, éste, tenía los intestinos fuera pero respiraba aún cuando llegó su esposa y pedía que le terminaran de matar porque no podía más.... ¡Y pensar que este montón de cadáveres destrozados en medio de charcos de sangre eran, no hacía mucho, hombres fuertes, sanos, rebosantes de vida! ¡Qué prueba tan terrible nos acaban de dar los japoneses de su gran benevolencia y magnanimidad!

Nos hemos repartido a los dos heridos, uno está con nosotros, y el otro está en la casa vecina con mis hermanos; hay que obrar con prudencia y sigilo, pueden volver los asesinos y matarnos a todo por encubridores. Gracias a Dios tenemos a mano, medicinas, y entre los refugiados, médico, enfermera, y ayudantes llenos de buena voluntad en esta dura y peligrosa tarea de arrebatar su presa a los japoneses y a la muerte....

Traen a mi cuñado García moribundo, el pobre al ver que el bombardeo se había calmado un tanto ha vuelto a su casa y allá una bomba le ha herido mortalmente, apesar de nuestros esfuerzos su muerte era inevitable, tenía el vientre destrozado, a la media hora fallecía rodeado de los suyos....

Poco faltó para que tuviéramos que deplorar otras muertes; en el patio han penetrado japoneses, han rociado con gasolina las puertas del comedor y las ventanas que son de madera, las han prendido fuego, y luego desde la calle, han esperado rifle en mano...y tranquilamente, como jugando, han pegado tiros a los que salen para apagar el fuego.... Han herido a muchos, entre otros a mi cuñado Agustín Moreno y a su hijo Ernesto. Ante semejante amenaza, no pudiendo evitar el incendio, no nos queda más remedio que abandonar la casa con los heridos a cuestas y lo que podemos llevar de nuestras cosas, abandonando el resto y hasta al pobre muerto a la merced de las llamas.

El fuego pronto se extiende por toda la casa; tras las verjas del jardín los japoneses disparan, de la cocina tenemos que correr al *garage* perseguidos por las balas, y del *garage* al del vecino a través de las brechas. ¿A dónde dirigirnos ahora? Los apartments de P. Faura, los chalets de Pennsylvania, la casa de mi hermano en Gral. Luna salvados por la lluvia torrencial del jueves están ahora ardiendo y todo el bloque parece un infierno. ¡Ay! por un lado los japoneses, por el otro el fuego, nos atajan el paso. ¿Cuanto tiempo, Señor, nos queda de vida?

Desde lo más profundo de mi corazón suplico "Señor, Señor, que se queme, todo, que no quede nada si tal es tu voluntad, pero protégenos, sálvanos de la muerte y todo lo demás lo daré por bien perdido."

Hemos decidido refugiarnos en el Hospital General pero imposible salir de los solares, soldados con ametralladoras nos cierran el paso; no hay más que un camino libre, a traves del solar del Coronel Martinez se puede llegar a la calle de Oregon y ¿quién sabe si desde allí nos permitirán atravesar la Avenida Taft y llegar al Hospital? Y buscando salida me interné en el solar de la matanza....

Como personajes de un cuadro dantesco veo a los dos chicos Rojo tratando de incorporarse...los pobrecitos aún vivían y no nos hemos dado cuenta de ello cuando venimos no hace tres horas.

"Estamos vivos y nadie viene a ayudarnos," exclaman dolorosamente, al vernos aparecer. ¡Cómo describir la pena y la compasión que sentí al verlos! Quiero cogerlos en mis brazos, arrastrarlos lejos, pedir ayuda... pero es demasiado tarde, y solo puedo balbucir "Estamos rodeados de fuego y de japoneses, pobres hijos, y no podemos hacer nada."

"¡Podéis resistir! ¡Si no queréis morir todos asesinados no os dejéis amedrantar!" ¡Pobres jóvenes tan valientes! Tal vez tenían las piernas destrozadas, no podían moverse de su sitio....

Fuertes pisadas que se acercan me hacen retroceder, es un soldado nipón que al verles mover o tal vez porque les ha oido hablar, se acerca al grupo de los dos hermanos y .comienza a disparar a boca de jarro... y poco faltó para que mi grito de horror descubriese mi presencia al asesino.

Me acuerdo de su anciana madre ausente y enferma y llena de angustia me he preguntado una y otra vez: ¿Por qué no dieron señales de vida cuando había tiempo de sobra para salvarles? ¿Por qué no se me ocurrió volver al lugar de la matanza antes de estallar el incendio? ¡Pobrecitos jóvenes! ¿Podría alguna vez desterrar de mi mente el horrible recuerdo de tan cobarde asesinato, conseguiré algún día arrancar de mis oídos el eco doloroso de aquellas voces y de los tiros que los hicieron enmudecer?

Por todas las salidas llegan soldados con ametralladoras, rifles y revólveres, nos acorralan, nos hacen levantar los brazos, nos empujan hacia un estrecho corredor y nos obligan a subir una larga y empinada escalera. El fuego devora las casas de enfrente, esta es de madera y muy vieja y si la prenden fuego arderá como la yesca; ¿que intentan hacer con nosotros? ¿Piensan quemarnos vivos? En mis oídos resuena la admonición de los chicos Rojo "¡No os dejéis amendrantar! ¡Resistir!" ¿Resistir? ¿Resistir? Pero ¿cómo? Sin ningún arma ni un mal cuchillo a nuestro alcance.... ¡Ay! ¡quien pudiera tener siquiera un palo para morir matando en vez de obedecer como un rebaño de bestias las órdenes y los caprichos de estos canallas!....

Una mujer, que habla el nipongo, se dirije al que parece jefe de la cuadrilla, y doblada en dos le habla respetuosa.... ¿Qué súplica le hace? ¿Qué ruego conmovedor cambia el rumbo de nuestro destino? El matasiete conferencia con sus compañeros, y luego nos hacen bajar; nos conducen a la calle de Oregon a través de agujeros y brechas abiertos en los muros o haciéndonos escalar otros hasta llegar a nuestro destino.

Fardos y maletas se han quedado dispersos, abandonados por sus dueños en los solares que hemos atravesado; los *push-carts* no pueden entrar en los agujeros demasiado estrechos de las tapias ni pasar sobre éstas, y allá se han quedado con su cargamento de ropas y provisiones, con gran provecho y alegría de los *looters* que hasta en estos momentos tan trágicos hacen su agosto. El temor a la requisa ha hecho también que muchos miedosos abandonan hasta maletines y saquitos de mano llenos de alhajas y dinero, ¡cuántos tesoros de familia, producto de largos años de economía se han perdido para siempre en esta tarde de tristes recuerdos!....

Pero hasta ahora la suerte nos protege; estamos con vida, hasta los heridos están a salvo, gracias a Dios y a la abnegación de parientes y amigos....

Hemos pedido que nos dejan ir al Hospital General, mas nos contestan que "no", es peligroso (?) Nos han dado como albergue dos chalets pequeños, se han llevado a varios de nuestros compañeros como rehenes entre ellos al juez Felix Bautista y familia y al matrimonio Luis Castillo e hijos y los han encerrado en los altos del cuartel de esta calle. Somos tantos que parecemos una banasta de sardinas dentro de la casa y muchos tienen que pasar la noche en la intemperie a pesar de la llovizna persistente que ha caído toda la noche.

Hay un cañón mortero en los alrededores y está funcionando sin tregua ni reposo; ¿por qué y para que tanto derroche de municiones? Los artilleros del Tio Sam no quieren ser menos y las balas y granadas se entrecruzan sobre nuestras cabezas y nos preguntamos si no se trataría de un ardid para que nos maten los nuestros y dar motivos a la Domei para pregonar con bombos y platillos que "el inhumano bombardeo sin ton ni son de los americanos han matado a centenares de pacíficos e indefensos filipinos refugiados entre las ruinas de sus casas"....

Hemos pasado uno noche agitadísima; estamos medio sordos por el bombardeo que no ha cesado; la falta de agua se hace sentir sobre todo entre los heridos que la caminata ha hecho desangrar, y entre los niños que están muertos de sed y de incomodidad y no hay medio de acallar su lloriqueo, una pobre mujer vencida por tantas emociones sufre un ataque de nervios y se le da por llorar y gritar, y para no ser menos nuestra pobre Lady nerviosa con tanto alboroto también une sus aullidos al general pandemónium....

No pocos tiros han disparado los *snipers* desde los árboles vecinos, se ve a algunos montados ahorcados o amarrados en las gruesas ramas de las acacias; felizmente es muy pobre su puntería y no han conseguido herir a nadie. Atraído por el alboroto, un soldado entra para imponer silencio, le dicen que los niños y la enferma tienen sed, y nos pareció un sueño, tan increíble era verle aparecer al poco rato, cargado con un bidon del precioso líquido.

La enferma calmada por un momento vuelve a sobre excitarse y hasta se vuelve casi furiosa cuando tratan de calmarla, a voz en grito anuncia que hay dinero filipino entre los presentes.... Quien mas quien menos lleva escondido en su persona o entre sus cosas un puñado del dinero prohibido y con escalofríos de terror todos recuerdan las amenazas que nos han hecho al requisar nuestras casas....

Hablan de amordazar a la infeliz, de hacerle dormir de un puñetazo... ¡qué cruel es el miedo y qué cobardes hace a muchos! Por fin se consigue hacerla tomar un sedativo y el calmante surte efecto antes de que reaparezca el soldado y se entere del contrabando.

Estoy rendida de fatiga, pero ya clarea el nuevo día, antes de que yo consiga dormitar un poco....

Domingo—11 de Febrero.

De nuestra casa desde muy temprano un murmullo de rezos se eleva como en un templo; sabemos que la muerte no esté lejos, que está en un continuo asecho y se reza no solamente las oraciones de los días ordinarios y de precepto, también se dice, la plegaria de los agonizantes y la oración de la buena muerte, en inglés, en español, en tagalo, en visaya, en ilocano.... y el conjunto de tantas voces implorantes conmueve y angustia....

Las explosiones se suceden haciendo retemblar la tierra y bambolear la casa.... Cuando un lejano bang nos previene que un explosivo con la muerte y la destrucción como carga viene hacia nosotros, al oir su silbido tan peculiar (*Whu -i-i-z*) inconscientemente todos retienen la respiración y se interrumpe el rezo y yo pido ¡Que no reviente sobre nosotros, Señor! Y al fin cuando otro *bang* retumbante avisa que la muerte ha llegado a su final destino lejos de nosotros, todos respiran largo y libremente "Gracias a Dios, por ésta vez estamos salvos." Pero ¿hasta cuando? Padre nuestro que estas en los cielos... Líbranos de todo mal....

Estos segundos de incertidumbre que tenemos que vivir en el breve intervalo de una explosión a otra desgastan los nervios mas templados y no es de extrañar que la enferma vuelva a sufrir otro ataque, sus ojos tienen relampagueos de locura....

Un *B-A-N-G* ensordecedor, y luego una luz cegadora nos deslumbra, un explosivo ha caído en los alrededores, algunos de sus fragmentos, al caer sobre las maletas y sacos amontonados en el balconcito, dejan agujeros humeantes; hasta el alero de la casa despide humo y temiendo otro incendio corremos afuera con los heridos que están desangrando y nuestros bártulos casi a rastras....

Está prohibido salir a la calle....y nos internamos en el solar de atrás.... no hay ni un japones a la vista...¿estamos por fin libres? ¡Ay!, trás un recodo, la misma patrulla que nos trajo anoche está en asecho con las redes de sus cascos cubiertas de hojas, como en una emboscada....

Nos hacen soltar los bultos y con gestos violentos nos obligan a doblar las rodillas y a tener los brazos levantados.... Yo que nunca pensé arrodillarme mas que ante mi Dios y sus altares ¡tener que hacerlo ahora ante estos asesinos! Una rabia impotente me subleva, cierro los ojos para ocultar el odio que fulgura en ellos y aprieto los labios para no gritar toda mi indignación....

Haciendo un esfuerzo sobrehumano nuestros heridos aunque lívido de tanto desangrar se mantienen derechos y consiguen disimular su estado. El jefe seguido de un sicario con la ametralladora preparada pasa y repasa ante nosotros escudriñando nuestros rostros....

¿Qué buscan? ¿Qué quieren? Habrán notado que en el grupo por ellos asesinado, hay espacios vacios y que hay menos cadáveres hoy en él, que muertos ayer? Va señalando hombres que sus soldados atan y llevan aparte; entre estos está Lagdameo, uno de los salvados de la matanza de ayer, y cuando el número de los escogidos llega a siete, vuelve a pasar y repasar ante nosotros mientras que sus ojos desconfiados y crueles vigilan nuestros movimientos. Como fieras que se relamen de gusto y antes de decidirse a devorar su presa juegan con ella, asi la soldadesca se solaza y se burla de la angustia de la multitud arrodillada.... ¡Con qué gusto os apretaría yo el cuello, grandísimos canallas, con toda vuestra arrogancia de Cid Campeador!

Los jóvenes hablan de rebelarse, en compacto grupo se quieran abalanzar sobre los soldados y apoderarse de las armas, pero los de más edad les refrenan. Si se tratara de hombres sólos, valdría la pena de correr el riesgo, pero ¿sabemos acaso cuántos soldados están apostados en los alrededores? Y si el golpe fracasa, qué va a ser de tantos ancianos, mujeres y niños con tantos *"snipers"* escondidos entre los árboles? Sería la muerte inevitable para todos....

Mi vecino me dá un empujón con el hombro, mira arriba y masculla todo emoción "¡Son ellos! ¡Ya vienen!" En efecto, óyese el zumbido lejano de gigantes abejorros, se columbra en lontananza algo que brilla entre las nubes como pececillos de plata.... ¡Son aviones americanos en formación! Nuestros ojos siguiendo con ansia sus evoluciones con ¡qué elocuencia dicen lo que no podemos expresar a viva voz: !Si, son ellos! ¡Allí está América! y con ella tan cerca, la esperanza vuelve a renacer en nuestros corazones.... Tal vez traen parachutistas y vienen a libertarnos, ¡que nos vean, Señor! ¡Que por medio de sus binóculos se den cuenta de nuestra crítica situación!

Más de media hora, treinta y tantos minutos que nos parecen treinta siglos interminables, bajo un sol de cuaresma y una lluvia de metralla permanecemos en nuestra humillante posición con los ojos y la esperanza puestos en el cielo. Han caído gravemente heridas muchas personas, pero no nos permítan llevarlas bajo techo, ni hacerlas la primera cura.... Al fin nos hacen levantarnos pero se llevan a los hombres....

Atontada me pregunto si no soy víctima de una halucinación o de una pesadilla.... Lo que está ocurriendo, Dios mío, no puede ser la realidad, debo de haberlo visto en una película o leído en un libro esta horripilante escena, debe ser un mal sueño, una atroz pesadilla engendrada por la matanza de ayer, llena de horrores sí, pero solo es un sueño que se desvanecerá tan pronto como me despierte.... pero ¡no! ese lamento desesperado que tratan de ahogar tantas mujeres acobardadas que se han quedado separadas de los pedazos de su corazón, no pertenece al mundo de los sueños ni de la fantasía, este dolor tan grande que trastorna y enloquece, no puede existir en ninguna pesadilla. Esta es la realidad, esta es la barbarie japonesa en toda su crudeza... y somos los protagonistas, las víctimas de este drama.

Los niños inconscientes del peligro llaman llorando "¡Papa! ¡Mi papa!" y las madres y las esposas y las hijas que el recuerdo de la tragedia del día anterior obsesiona, ya no pueden reprimir su dolor, y sus sollozos y gemidos siguen por largo rato a los que son llevados tal vez al martirio, muy posible a la muerte....

Los aviones amigos ya están lejos...ya no se ve en el horizonte mas que algunos rezagados que se alejan mas y mas.... con al ruído de sus motores que la distancia poco a poco va apagando se desvanece nuestra última esperanza.... Los nuestros no nos han visto o han decidido abandonarnos a nuestra triste suerte...y sin su ayuda cómo salvar a nuestros padres, a nuestros esposos, hermanos e hijos? Y toda nuestra angustia, toda nuestra desesperación, se desborda con un sollozo "Madre, Madre América, ¿por qué nos has desamparado?"

Nos hacen entrar en los bajos de una de las casas que el explosivo no ha conseguido prender fuego, y llenos de angustia hemos esperado noticias de los hombres. Algunas mujeres han conseguido irse con ellos pero cuando intenté hacerlo, las bayonetas me han interceptado el paso. Lady se ha quedado conmigo y está loca buscando a su amo. Escalofríos de terror nos sacuden esperando oir de un momento a otro descargas de fusiles o el tiroteo nutrido de una ametralladora, y el ambiente se llena de murmullos de rezos y sollozos entrecortados....

"Buenas noticias." Una señora que ha conseguido, seguir a su marido ha venido para tranquilizarnos, los nuestros están encerrados en la casa vecina, cuyas puertas y ventanas han cerrado herméticamente; nos permiten mandarles comida y agua; pero nada se sabe del paradero de Lagdameo y de sus seis compañeros, después nos enteramos que fueron atados en los troncos de los árboles del solar del cuartel con esta amenaza. "Os vais a quedar aquí hasta que la metralla de los Americanos os maten a todos", y no les permitieron probar bocado hasta que consiguieron escaparse a media noche.

Nos avisan que todos los hombres servirán de rehenes y no serán devueltos a sus familias hasta que las personas que los japoneses buscan se presenten o sean cogidas.... Nos aseguran que los rehenes no correrán peligro si somos obedientes y no hacemos ruído. "Los hombres sufrirán si las mujeres alborotan," y como ruegos, admoniciones y hasta amenazas para hacer obedecer estas órdenes resultaban ineficaces, tuve que largar sopapos a dos irresponsables que charlan y gritan como dos cotorras....

Entre los heridos de esta mañana han fallecido dos niños, tenemos además un cadáver de mujer atravesado en la puerta de la entrada; pero este espectáculo que en tiempos normales nos hubiera crispado los nervios y obligado a hacer grandes rodeos para evitarlo, ya no nos hace mella, y pasamos y repasamos sobre él como si se tratara de un fardo cualquiera. Ay, me temo que tantos horrores presenciados han conseguido matar toda sensibilidad en nosotros, hasta han encallecido por completo nuestro corazón....

En esta casa hay un poco de agua que sabe a gasolina en el fondo de 2 tambores llenos de herrumbre, pero nuestra sed es grande, y sucia y todo, nos sabe a gloria.

Nos dicen que hay dinamita preparado para volar la casa. Dicen también que van a prenderla fuego, si la explosión no la echa abajo; por sí hay algo de verdad en estos rumores, (una mujer que habla el japonés es la informante) aprovechando los paseos del guardia hemos dejado el equipaje afuera para que no estorbe la salida, cuando precise huir, y se ha dejado los bultos que llevaban los nombres cerca de la salida de su encierro para que los tengan a su alcance, si consiguen escaparse con nosotros.

Pasamos toda la tarde tratando de ver y de comunicarnos por señas con los prisioneros. De vez en cuando las hojas de una de las ventanas se entreabre, y una cara de hombre aparece en ella causando una pequeña conmoción en el cotarro vecino. "Oye fulana, tu marido está haciendo señas, te quiere ver"—"Mama, Mama, mírale a Papa en aquella ventana." "¿Estás bien? Esconderos, que se acerca un guardia." "*Shu-ut*........por favor, hablar despacio."

Parecemos a un grupo de colegialas que trata de comunicarse con sus galanes por encima de la vigilancia y prohibición de las monjas. Esto me hubiere hecho sonreir si no tuviera la muerte en el alma....

He dado por muerte a Lady más de una vez, la pobre perra no quiere separarse de la ventana tras la cual ha divisado la silueta de su amo y le llama con fuertes ladridos. Felizmente su instinto de perra-lobo la previene siempre del peligro, a tiempo, en cuanto oye pisadas de botas japonesas se aleja y se esconde....

Gracias al aviso que nos tuvo desvelados, cuando la explosión, por suerte nuestra, no lo bastante fuerte ni cercana para causarnos graves daños, ocurrió a eso de las 10 p.m., no hubo pánico y todo estaban preparados para salir en orden.... En los altos se cayeron ventanas, se rompieron cristales hasta se desquiciaron puertas, pero como los bajos que ocupamos solo tienen tabiques y particiones de rejillas entrecruzadas de madera, no tuvimos nada que deplorar.

A la media hora, un fogonazo nos inunda con luz vivísima, ¿será el incendio anunciado? Arrastrando todo lo que permiten nuestros brazos, nos lanzamos afuera llamando cada uno a los suyos. Estos no se mueven de su encierro pero uno de los rehenes nos sale al paso para transmitirnos las órdenes de los japoneses. "Toda persona que salga de cualquier edificio que no esté ardiendo morirá fusilado." Y como el fogonazo no ha prendido fuego a nuestra casa, volvimos a ella, cansadas, con los nervios a punto de estallar obedientes (me dá coraje decirlo) como carneros... y otra vez la vigilan, larga, angustiosa, esperando, no sabemos si un milagro o la muerte....

Creyendo tal vez que moralmente aún no habíamos sufrido bastante con las dos tentativas, cerca de la media noche los japoneses prenden fuego a uno de los tabiques de la casa; la salida, a Dios gracias, se halla al lado opuesto del fuego, y podemos huir sin peligro de chamuscarnos.

En uno de los garages vecinos que aún se conserva intacto y que servía de gallinero, gallos y gallinas se despiertan asustados por las llamas y comienzan a cacarear y a albotar, y el alboroto que arma llama la atención de los soldados que hartos tal vez de tanto pescado, algas y suya en conserva, deciden cambiar de menu y salen a cazarlos dejándonos el paso libre....

También los hombres salen de su encierro, y cada uno llama a gritos a sus familiares; con la ayuda de brazos abnegados consigo encaramarme con mis paquetes sobre un muro de bastante altura, en la brecha que está al alcance de todos, tres veces traté de pasar y tres veces me echaron por tierra. Era un sálvese quien pueda y no valían canas ni sexo para la alocada multitud presa de pánico que no tenía mas que una idea, un deseo; alejarse del fuego cuanto antes y huir de los japoneses, pero en medio de aquel derrumbe, de aquel olvido total de todas las reglas sociales y humanitarias, muchos actos de valor, abnegación y caridad también sobresalieron......

Las gallinas nos han salvado.... La soldadesca no ha podido hacer uso de sus armas contra nosotros porque volvían con las manos cargadas de gallos y gallinas y huyen con su botin hacia la Universidad de Filipinas.

Pronto nos vemos reunidos todos ¿a donde ir ahora? Muchos se deciden por el Hospital General, entre ellos Lagdameo que ha conseguido zafarce de sus ataduras y escapar con sus seis compañeros, pero la mayoría prefiere correr nuestra suerte y refugiarse con nosotros en el solar de los Alzona en P. Faura que conserva paredones de concreto todavía en pie y planchas de zinc para cobijarnos. Nuestra casa tiene los *garages* y las otras dependencias para la servidumbre todavía intactos; pero colinda con la que sirvió de cuartel y su vecindad es poco tranquilizadora.

Bajo planchas de zinc, sobre el suelo cubierto de carbón y ceniza, nos hemos acomodado con las espaldas adosadas en los muros. Del solar vecino y pasando por las tapias, se ha sacado agua del pozo y es una bendición poder al fin beber todo el agua fresca que uno apetece después de la escasa ración de agua sucia y maloliente con que hemos apagado nuestra sed durante tanto tiempo.

El resplandor del incendio, que devora las últimas casas que quedan en pie en la calle de Oregon llega hasta aquí, ya no queda ni una casa sin quemar en los alrededores, el peligro, pues, del fuego está conjurado por este lado pero aún quedan las bombas, la metralla y las balas de amigos y enemigos. Una de las pequeñas ha sido herida en la cabeza por un fragmento de metralla pero la herida es leve y la niña ha perdido poca sangre.

Lunes—12 de Febrero.

Tempranito me he trasladado a nuestro solar y lejos de miradas indiscretas he tratado de asearme un poco, Con el agua a ración desde el jueves no ha sido posible hacerlo durante nuestras correrías; pero no he terminado de lavarme la cara cuando los cañonazos han recomenzado y me he visto obligada a echarme sobre el suelo cubierto de escombros quemados. Adiós, mis planes de bañarme y cambiar de ropa, ¿para que hacerlo si después de cada bombardeo me levanto tiznada como un carbonero?

De vuelta a nuestro refugio una bomba cargada de ácido ha estallado en medio del solar, muchas personas han sufrido quemaduras, entre ellas una familia entera con heridas graves. También la histérica apareció muerta en la acera de la calle, está quemada y no sabemos si se quemó en el incendio de anoche y consiguió arrastrarse hasta nosotros o si fue otra víctima del ácido de la bomba.

Nuestros árboles frutales ya no existen, los racimos aún verdes de los plátanos medio cocidos por el incendio del primer día ha calmado el hambre de algunos, y cuando más tarde no hubo bastante arroz para aplacarlo, agua endulzada con azúcar de las barricadas sirvió de desayuno y comida a muchos.

Por el cementerio de Paco se oye nutrido tiroteo. ¿Serán ya los nuestros?

A media tarde se produce una conmoción. "¿Dónde está la *nurse?*" "¿Ha visto alguien al Doctor?" Esta vez no se trata de heridos. Es una nueva vida que brota entre el estruendo de la artillería y pronto los vagidos de una criatura nacida entre las ruinas se entremezclan con el zumbido de las balas y de la metralla. ¿Se llamará esta niña "Dolores" o "Angustias" en recuerdo de estos días de terror o "Victoria" o "Paz" en espera de días mejores? No he vuelto a ver a la madre, pero la hubiera sugerido uno de los últimos nombres para su *War baby*.

Hacia al anochecer los cañonazos resuenan más cercanos pero no ya tan frecuentes; permanecemos largas horas echados bajo las planchas de hierro, rodeados de los pocos sacos que hemos conseguido conservar en nuestro poder a pesar de tantas peripecias, ¡que posición tan incómoda! Esto parece una madriguera con el piso cubierto de pedazos de carbón y madera a medio quemar; no hay espacio para estar cómodamente sentados y mucho menos para acostarse, y los pedazos de hierro que nos cubre aún retienen el calor del sol y están mas que calientes, pero en medio de tanta incomodidad, me consuelo pensando que este estado de cosas, no puede durar, o nos matan o nos libertan, muertos, descansaremos de una vez, pero una vez libertados.... ¡Qué horas tan exquisitas me esperan tendida en un mullido *Beauty Rest* rodeado de montones de libros y revistas!.... y declaro medio en serio y medio en broma tratando de encauzar nuestros tétricos pensamientos hacia otros derroteros más agradables "entonces, sí, que me daré un hartazgo de lectura y *dolce far niente* durante una semana entera"....

También mis compañeros que están más tranquilos, tienen ganas de guasear, se ha interrumpido el bombardeo, y gracias a estos minutos de respiro ánimos decaídos se han levantado, como deshechos y hace florecer esperanzas. Y por un minuto nos olvidamos de las penalidades del presente "Yo," dice uno, "no voy a perder el tiempo leyendo, a la primera oportunidad me ire a la comisaria de los americanos para comprar cigarrillos y *candies*.... *"Boy, oh boy!* ¿os acordiás todavía de los ricos jamones y embutidos, de las jugosas chuletas y brazuelos?" "Y que dices de la mantequilla, del pan tierno y oloroso, de los quesos tantos años no gustados?" y relamiéndose la pequeña interpone "Me voy a hartar de sorbetes y de pasteles." "Por favor," pide uno, tragando saliva, "no soñar en voz alta... me estáis aguzando el apetito y solo tenemos *linugaw* para calmarlo." "Bah, olvídate de *linugaw* y piensa que mañana será otro día".... ¿Mañana? ¿Sabemos acaso lo que nos tiene reservado el destino cuando llegue ese mañana con tanta ansia esperado?

Un cañonazo nos interrumpe dando fin al intermedio de bendita calma....Luego resuena otro.... y otro.... y el bombardeo se reanuda con gran violencia....

¡Ay, y otra vez la realidad con sus horrores nos apresa con sus garras! Y los castillos de optimismo que hemos tratado de levantar, no por glotonería ni despreocupación sino para olvidar el presente y también para disimular nuestro estado de ánimo, como chicos que silban en la oscuridad para disfrazar su miedo, se vienen abajo con la primera explosión....

Grupos sospechosos de filipinos, salidos no sabemos donde, se han unido a nuestro grupo... ¿serán espías? ¿serán *looters?* Corren rumores que para esta noche los japoneses han planeado la matanza de todos los hombres, algunos hasta piensan disfrazarse con traje de mujer y escapar, pero luego deciden no separarse de sus familias y esperar juntos lo que Dios disponga.

Para evitar complicaciones nuestros heridos, no han querido permanecer con nosotros. Lagdameo se ha marchado en dirección al Hospital General y La O se ha escondido en las cuadras de Ramon Caro y para llevarlo la comida los voluntarios tienen que saltar sobre el muro bajo el fuego de los *snipers.* Cuentan los que le han visto que entre los refugiados del solar vecino hay almas caritativas que le atienden y ésto nos tranquiliza.

A la noche, en cuerpo y alma siento un cansancio tan grande, tan grande, que no tengo más que una idea fija, un deseo que sobrepuja al miedo a las balas, echarme en el suelo cuan larga soy, extender mis piernas tanto tiempo encogidas, cerrar los ojos y tratar de dormir y de olvidar....pero como esto es imposible hacer, dentro de nuestra madriguera, desoyendo consejos y protestas, he pasado gran parte de la noche en la intemperie con un paquete a guisa de almohada; gracias a esto, he conseguido dormir un poco pero no por mucho tiempo....

Estaba soñando que las tropas americanas estaban en la Avenida Taft y que se peleaba en las calles; pero los tiros y las explosiones que me despiertan no vienen de los nuestros, son de un grupo de japoneses que han penetrado en nuestro solar, y disparan sus armas y tiran granadas de mano a diestro y siniestro. Los niños asustados gritan y lloran a mas no poder, los perros ladran como locos, y en medio del terror y de la confusión general, destácanse voces temblorosas que suplicantes claman "Por favor no disparen, no somos combatientes."

Me he metido mas que de prisa en nuestro refugio.... Las balas, lo mismo que los fragmentos de las granadas de mano se entrecruzan.... La pequeña aterrada se abraza a Ricardo y trémula solloza "Tengo miedo, Papi." "Reza hijita... reza a la Virgen.".... Las criaditas llaman llorando a sus padres ausentes....Lee Tong tiene cogido a Lady haciendo un bozal con sus manos para que sus ladridos no descubra a la soldadesca nuestro escondrijo y yo trato de tranquilizar a mi hermana que solloza quedamente al sentirse herida....

Ya no nos queda esperanza alguna... Nunca hemos sentido a la muerte tan cerca ni tan inevitable.... Trato de recordar la oración de lós agonizantes a la Virgen de la medalla milagrosa que el Rev. P. Fernández, preveyendo tal vez estos acontecimientos, ha preparado y repartido entre sus feligreses. Nuestro vecino el juez del Rosario me lo ha hecho leer momentos antes de que lo mataran.... Nunca nuestro párroco en sus pláticas más inspiradas tuvo tanta elocuencia y fervor como en esta patética plegaria y a falta de lápiz y papel para copiarlo, quise ponerméla de memoria... pero ¡ay! desde que comenzó nuestro Calvario, mi cabeza está hueca, mi memoria no funciona, las palabras de la oración, como gotas de agua sobre una superficie lisa e inclinada, no dejan en ella huella alguna, y después de mucho leer y releer solo conseguí retener las primeras palabras que ahora repito con tood el fervor de mi alma: ¡Virgencita mía, ampara y no abandones a los que vamos a morir!

En este solar tenemos dos muertos y muchos malheridos.... Un gran pedazo de metralla ha atravesado la plancha de hierro que cubre y ha herido a tres, felizmente mi herida es de poca importancia pero bastante molesta....

Los japoneses se han marchado por fin, pero el bombardeo es cada vez más violento, y acurrucados hechos un ovillo, sin respirar casi, hemos decidido esperar despiertos que despunte el nuevo día....

Martes—13 de Febrero.

¿Nos protegerá San Antonio en este día y en ésta fecha que sus devotos dedican a su culto? Bien necesitamos su ayuda, sólo un milagro ha podido evitar que nos pasen a cuchillo anoche o que nos maten los tiros y las granadas, ni con la llegada del nuevo día nos creemos a salvo, pueden volver los asesinos y liquidarnos a todos.

Antes de que ocurra lo que tengo por inevitable doy instrucciones a los míos, si me matan y ellos consiguen salvarse, que no se olviden que dentro de las alpargatas llevo dinero, las llaves de las cajas del Banco están en tal paquete, las alhajas enterradas en tal sitio....

Estamos en capilla y no todos reaccionan de la misma manera, unos pocos lloran y se desesporan, víctimas de sus nervios desatados, otros rezan resignados, algunos hablan de morir matando, muchos, a pesar de todo, esperan todavía, y el resto está tan atontado, que no se dá cuenta de lo grave de nuestra situación.

Y de pronto... ¡oh, minuto inolvidable!.. el milagro tan esperado, lo que ya nos parecía un imposible, se realiza.... En la brecha del muro que separa esta propiedad de la vecina, aparece una cara rebozante de alegría y una voz vibrante de felicidad anuncia "Ya están aquí los Americanos. Estamos salvados...."

Y como una visión maravillosa en la media luz del amanecer aparecen sobre el muro las cabezas de los soldados del Tio Sam, tienen la piel bronceada por el sol de los trópicos, bajo sus cascos oscuros relucen sus sonrisas y nos hacen gestos amistosos con las manos...y sin, poder dar crédito a mis ojos pienso como alucinada: "Si esto es un sueño que no me despierte ya más...."

Como nuevos Lázaros resucitados, los libertados van saliendo de sus refugios y madrigueras, debajo de pedazos de planchas quemadas, de los huecos de los muros derruidos. Cabezas más sensatas o menos confiadas han tratado de calmar entusiasmos, de acallar gritos de alegría y alborozo; "¿quién sabe si son japoneses disfrazados, con el uniforme de los nuestros, de un vil ardid para descubrir nuestras simpatías y nuestros sentimientos? Pero la juventud entusiasmada no escucha advertencias mi consejos, allá va como loca formando *Vs* con los dedos y gritando *VICTORY* y pronto una nena que ha conseguido zafarse de la vigilancia de los suyos vuelve anhelante "No son japoneses, disfrazados, Mamá, tienen los ojos azules, son *genuine American.*"

El náufrago que hora tras hora ha estado batallando contra la furia del mar y la tormenta, y exhausto y sin fuerzas ya, da todo perdido, y de repente halla a su alcance un salvavidas y brazos acogedores, el reo a quien indultan al pie del cadalzo, el que perdido vaga a través del desierto enloquecido por una sed de varios días y encuentra al fin, en vez del miraje engañoso, una fuente cristalina donde calmarla, no pueden sentir mayor alegría ni tan grande felicidad como las que inundan nuestras almas y nuestros corazones..

Riendo y llorando rodeamos a los hijos de América, benditos muchachotes, algunos casi niños, que a través de alambradas y escombros, han conseguido llegar hasta nosotros, han vaciado espontáneamente sus mochilas al ver nuestro lastimoso estado y con palabras de aliento han repartido cigarrilos y golosinas. A estos benditos hijos del Tio Sam queremos decir cuánto hemos añorado por este momento, cuánto hemos sufrido en ésta larga espera, cuánto hemos rezado por la victoria de América y sus hijos. Queremos hacerles presente nuestra admiración, la gratitud tan grande que inunda nuestro ser, pero la emoción entorpece nuestra lengua, nos pone un nudo en la garganta, y no encontrando palabras bastante elocuentes para expresar todo lo que sentimos, solo podemos musitar con voz temblorosa y mojada de lágrimas con la mano de los libertadores entre las nuestras "Gracias! ¡Gracias! ¡Que Dios bendiga a América! ¡Que Dios bendiga a sus valientes soldados!"

Y rio y lloro como los otros... yo que presencié con los ojos secos cómo el fuego devoraba mis más caros recuerdos, el sangriento fin de niños y ancianos, la matanza de tantos inocentes, la separación de mis seres queridos, hasta la proximidad de la muerte, lloro como los otros ahora y pienso enternecida "¡Gracias Señor que estos ojos que presenciaron enjutos tantos sufrimientos y tantas miserias aún conservan manantial de lágrimas! ¡Gracias Dios mío que este corazón que yo creía encallecido aún contiene fibras sensibles! ¡Puedo reir! ¡Puedo llorar! ¡Aún puedo ser feliz y hacer felices a los demas!"

Hemos recibido órdenes de evacuar cuanto antes este area, estamos entre el fuego de los americanos que han conseguido ocupar desde anoche el Cementerio de Paco y sus alrededores y el de los japoneses que continuan defendiendo la Universidad de Filipinas, el Hospital General y la Central School y tenemos que desalojar este solar a toda prisa.

La rivera opuesta del río Pasig ya está totalmente ocupada por los nuestros y para llegar allá tenemos que atravesar el ponton flotante que los americanos han construído en Pandacan.

Bordeando manzanas interminables de edificios quemados o derruídos, atravesando calles sembradas de cadáveres y minas terrestres, bajo los enmarañados alambres de la Telefónica y la Meralco que cual telerañas gigantes cuelgan de árboles y postes carbonizados, saltando por encima de zanjas, trincheras y troncos caídos, pasa la extraña caravana de los libertados.

Están sucios, extenuados, con huellas de sufrimiento y de hambre en sus enflaquecidos y macilentos rostros, los hombres con barbas de una semana... muchos van malheridos o han perdido a seres queridos, casi todos no tienen de bienes materiales mas que lo poco que han conseguido salvar del fuego y de la rapiña....aún se encuentran aturdidos, semi atontados, agobiados por el pesado y costoso rescate que acaban de pagar con lágrimas, con sangre, con trozos de su corazón, con los ahorros de toda una vida... pero la certidumbre que la amada bandera de las franjas y de las estrellas ya los cobija y ampara bajo sus pliegues, hacen el optimismo y la esperanza de días mejores los sostenga, consuelo y aliente... hace una hora se creían irremisiblemente condenados, pero aquella hora y otras tantas, todas llenas de tristes recuerdos, parecen ya tan lejanas. Ahora ya no se refleja en sus ojos el terror de las persecuciones, ya no los doblega el peso de tres años de esclavitud, y ya no tienen porque crispar sus puños la rabia y la impotencia, están, por fin, libres, libres, del benévolo y magnánimo yugo nipón....

Nos hemos encontrado con otros grupos y, ¡qué relatos tan espeluznantes, qué noticias tan tristes nos cuentan! En otros distritos, en otros solares, a poca distancia de nosotros, los japoneses han asesinado a tiros, a bayonetazos, con granadas de mano y explosivos, han violado jovencitas, han mutilado, han quemado vivos a seres indefensos, han entrado en iglesias, conventos, hospitales, residencias, solares y refugios y sin compasión ni misericordia han ametrallado a hombres, mujeres y niños. Han liquidado a familias enteras y entre las víctimas se cuentan personas con quienes nos unen lazos de amistad o de parentezco.... Comparando su doloroso fin, su cruento Calvario con nuestros sufrimientos éstos parecen insignificantes, nuestras pérdidas de poca monta, pues ¿que pueden importar los bienes y tesoros perdidos, los días de penuria y escasez que nos esperan, si tenemos la risa argentina de nuestros niños, el cariño intacto de la familia, vida, esperanza y fé? Me siento en verdad afortunada y llena de gratitud, musito reverente antes de encaminar mis pasos hacia la nueva vida que voy a rehacer con los míos. Gracias mil veces, Señor, por tu protección y amparo. Y sea bendita para siempre América por habernos libertado a tiempo.

NOTA EXPLICATIVA

Universidad de Sto. Tomás. Lugar donde estaban internados los americanos durante la ocupación japonesa (1942-1945).

Bilibid. Prisión de los presos políticos libertados de las torturas de la Fuerza de Santiago.

Malacañang. Residencia del Presidente de la República de Filipinas.

Balitas. Noticias en tagalog; *balitang cochero,* noticias fabriellas que corren de boca en boca.

Canús. Para despistar a los japoneses, a los americanos se les llamaban *canutos o canús.*

Meralco. Compañía eléctrica de Manila.

Tabacalera. Oficina central de la Compañía General de Tabacos de Filipinas en la calle del Marqués de Comillas, Manila.

Manila Gas. Manila Gas Corporation, fábrica de gas.

BOOK REVIEW

Dr. Padre José A. Burgos, *La Loba Negra.* Prólogo de Luciano de la Rosa. Primera edición, Manila, 1958.

Acaba de publicarse un libro pequeño puesto que apenas tiene 9" x 6" y sus páginas ni llegan a ciento. Pero su valor es inmenso, no solamente por que las narraciones contenidas en dicho libro son verdades indiscutibles, sino porque ha salido a luz, precisamente en estos días en que ciertos elementos reaccionarios trabajan lo indecible para conseguir la completa unión de la Iglesia y del Estado, olvidándose de las desastrosas lecciones del pasado histórico del país.

Me refiero al libro que mi amigo Don Luciano, me ha obsequiado hace pocos días. Este libro se titula *La Loba Negra* original del Padre José A. Burgos y editado por el abogado y Ex-Diputado a la Asamblea Filipina, Luciano de la Rosa, con un prólogo del editor. Tengo para mi, económicamente hablando, que la decisión hecha por Don Luciano, en esta materia, es un verdadero quijotismo. Y quijotismo he dicho, no solamente porque no constituye dicha impresión ninguna ganga comercial sino que hasta los llamados a propagar dicho libro, especialmente nuestra juventud escolar sedienta de las actividades en el pasado de nuestros laborantes que no han cobrado ninguna compensación, ni siquiera los gastos de viaje, no ayudarían a Don Luciano, a resarcirse de sus gastos de impresión.

Considerando que lo que el ilustre Padre Burgos ha mencionado en su libro es la llaga frailuna, yo creo que no cometería ninguna exageración si dijera que este libro jamás sería incluído entre los libros de texto de nuestras instituciones de enseñanza, que es la ambición de muchos autores y editores en estos días. Muchos de los mencionados autores y editores, apenas comienzan sus trabajos, lo primero que piensan es cómo convencer a los miembros que componen la Junta Oficial de Textos a fin de que sus libros sean incluídos en la lista oficial de los textos que se deben usar en las escuelas. De ahí que algunos autores y editores, tergiversan inclusive la historia para conseguir una simpatética cooperación de la mencionada Junta, columna principal para producir pingües ganancias en la publicación del libro. Pero en el caso específico de Don Luciano, jamás se podrá esperar esa valiosa ayuda económica, y de ahí que digo, que es admirable el valor que ha tenido el editor, porque estoy seguro que no producirá mas que pérdidas monetarias esta empresa. ¿Y cuantos hoy están dispuestos a este sacrificio?

Cuando he recibido de Don Luciano, un ejemplar de *La Loba Negra* iba yo a proponerle que se traduzca al inglés y que se imprima, porque nuestra juventud hoy día, apenas comprende el castellano y es necesario, bajo todos los conceptos, propagar a esa juventud el pasado histórico. Pero considerando que Don Luciano no es un Madrigal, no es un Fernández, no es un Soriano ni Elizalde, sería una broma muy pesada, si después del sacrificio hecho. pidamos otro sacrificio más. Cristo no fue crucificado mas que una vez solamente. No quiero que Don Luciano sea crucificado por dos veces. Después de todo, existen muchos filipinos, con mejor posición económica que Don Luciano, que tal vez pueden adoptar nuevos gestos del quijotismo, de que arriba he hablado.

Y para terminar me permitiré hacer un poco de comentario acerca del malogrado Capitán General y Gobernador de Filipinas, Don Fernando M. Bustamante y Bustillos, mencionado en *La Loba Negra* que fue víctima de la intransigencia religiosa existente en aquellos días. Pues bien, dicho Capitán General Bustamante, no hizo mas que interpretar, estrictamente, como buen cristiano, aquellas palabras del Divino Redentor"Pagad a César lo que es de César y a Dios lo que es de Dios" (Evangelio de San Marcos, Capitulo XII y versículo 17) y estas palabras constituyeron la base del tan hermoso y justiciero axioma democrático: la separación de la Iglesia y del Estado. Y el Capitán Bustamante al no permitir la ingerencia del Arzobispo, frailes y de fanáticos y santolones en los asuntos estrictamente civiles, no hizo mas que probar que es un buen cristiano pero con resultados fatales, como lo prueba el hecho de que dicho Capitán General fué vil y descaradamente asesinado por una turba de fanáticos y santolones, malguiados por el Arzobispo, frailes y gentes conventuales. Por añadidura, me atrevería a decir, que si todos los españoles que han venido fuesen como el Capitán General Bustamante, no habría Burgos, Rizales, Bonifacios ni Plarideles y los filipinos gustosos preferirían, tal vez, ser fieles y leales súbditos de la sagrada enseña gualda y roja, que ninguna otra situación.

En estos días en que existe la desmedida ambición de ciertos elementos reaccionarios de conseguir la completa unión de la Iglesia y del Estado, merece recordar aquellas sabias palabras de Benjamin Franklin: "Cuando una religión es buena, se mantiene ella sola; pero si no puede mantenerse sola y se ve obligada esa religión a pedir la ayuda de los poderes civiles, esto es una señal que dicha religión no es buena." Y por eso digo, que la publicación de *La Loba Negra* es muy oportuna en estos días porque significa que la misma llaga por la cual combatió el inmortal Padre Burgos allá por el año 1870 después de más de 80 años, o sea, casi un siglo, todavía existe hasta en estos días....

Domingo Ponce

NEWS

FIRST CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF JOSE RIZAL

The Republic of the Philippines is preparing for the celebration of the first centenary of the birth of José Rizal, the most revered Filipino hero, on 19 June 1961. Rizal was a valiant, sublime defender of Filipino rights, a renowned surgeon and physician, man of science, poet, novelist, essayist, philologist, sculptor, and teacher, in short, one of the most versatile minds that the human race has produced. He antagonized the Spanish colonial authorities by his writings and he was ordered executed on 30 December 1896.

A national commission has been created to take charge of the centennial. Among its important activities are the publication of the hero's writings, which are chiefly in Spanish, and their translation into English and the principal Philippine languages for their greater diffusion here and abroad. Already it has made available to the public the manuscripts of his great novels in Spanish, *Noli me tángere* and *El Filibusterismo,* printed offset. It has also under study the plans of three buildings to house the national library, museum, and theater that will be erected in historic Bagumbayan Field, Manila, where Rizal and many other Filipino martyrs were executed during the Spanish regime.

ASIATIC RESEARCH CENTER OF KOREA UNIVERSITY

An Asiatic research center has been in existence at Korea University since last year. According to its constitution, its purpose is "to establish scientific understanding of the history, culture, and lives of the people of Asia with emphasis on Korea, and thereby contribute to the mutual understanding and cultural advancement of mankind."

The center publishes a bulletin and a bi-lingual journal in English and Korean. Fortunately for non-Korean-speaking readers, each of the articles in the Korean language is accompanied by a résumé in English. The first issue of the journal contains some illuminating articles on Korea and her neighbors, such as, *A Study of the Peoples of Northern Asia* by Professor Kim Jong-Hak, *The Characteristics of the Korean Language* by Professor Kim Min-Soo, and *The Problem of Over Population in Korea* by Professor Lee Chang-Yul.

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Ambeth Ocampo

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